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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

What the National Government has done

THE "National" Government's trumpeter is dead! — it has issued vainglorious films and posters applauding its own achievements to the skies—to say nothing of a strange picture paper called the "Popular Pictorial." Is some misguided "National" enthusiast paying the piper? (Of course, with an eye on the honours list).

The National Government claims that all is for the best in the best of all possible Britains ruled by the best of all possible Governments, because—

(I) Sir Malcolm Campbell broke the world's speed record on land with a speed of 272 miles per hour.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Stanley Baldwin and the rest of them had as much to do with Sir Malcolm Campbell's record as they had with the eclipse of the sun.

(II) Our Air Force won the Schneider Trophy outright.

That was won in September, 1931 before the formation of the National Government, because Lady Houston paid the expenses.

(III) Lord Clydesdale and his fellow airmen flew over Mount Everest and looked down on the highest mountain in the world—

Because Lady Houston financed this brave adventure.

Much is said about unemployment. Yet there are 429,000 more people in receipt of poor relief than in 1931, and in two years the number of permanently unemployed men has increased by 61,000.

Our Foreign policy has been a tale of cowardice, hesitation and folly. The chances of war have been multiplied by a sentimentalism which bleats of peace and disarmament and leaves the world in doubt as to our sanity. Our friends have ceased to rely on us and we have deliberately chosen an isolation which only overwhelming strength could justify.

Worst of all, before the whole world we declare the inadequacy of our defences.

Our Army estimates and our Air estimates are lower than the estimates introduced by the Socialist Government in 1930.

Our Navy estimates are lower than the estimates introduced by the Conservative Government in 1925. Our Navy is below strength in material and personnel—the Admiralty own it.

The Air Force is below strength—the Air Ministry own it. But Lady Houston's offer of support is rejected and, instead, we are fobbed off with Mr. Baldwin's promise of another Conference.

The Indian record of this Government could scarcely be worse. It has surpassed even the Socialists in its eagerness to abandon its sacred duty and to undo the great work that Englishmen accomplished for the good of the Empire and of the Indians.

Foreign imports are already up this year by 34 millions. How much longer can this Government continue to masquerade as defenders of our Commerce?

Four millions for Austria, nothing for National development at home, only legislation to prevent individual initiative.

Muddle and indecision have made the confusion of our Betting and Licensing laws more confounded.

Socialists and Communists are given a free hand. Anti-Socialists are treated as blackguards.

The National Government has neither policy nor principles, and without principles a country cannot live. The existence of our country depends on the destruction of this monstrosity.

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Notes of the Week

Good Luck to Royal Lovers

The good wishes of all right-minded people throughout the land will go out to Prince George and his beautiful bride-to-be, Princess Marina. Our Royal Family has carried both respect and affection by its dignity, its devotion to work in the public good, and its spotless honour. The happiness of each one of its members is the prayer of that overwhelming majority of loyal folk for whom patriotism, with the Throne as its figurehead, is therefore something very real.

Prince George, who facially resembles our beloved King more closely than any of his brothers, possesses charm, a taste for sport, a love of music, and a sense of humour. And in the service of the nation he has never spared himself.

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De Valera the Stumbling Block

Mr. De Valera intends to go to Geneva. He can go much further than that, so far as the English, and a large and growing number of the Irish people are concerned. But he will find at Geneva representatives of the United Kingdom, Australia, Canada, South Africa and New Zealand.

The Labour organ suggests that what it calls "the delegations of the British Commonwealth"—the word "Empire" is ostentatiously avoided—shall confer with Mr. De Valera with a view to clearing up the Anglo-Irish situation. A laudable suggestion—but childishly ingenuous. When will Socialists, who are always ready to talk in terms of sweet reasonableness about anyone who has insulted us realise that the Anglo-Irish situation can never do anything but go from bad to worse so long as Mr. De Valera has any power or responsibility? His hatred for England is the hatred of a crack-brained fanatic, incapable of discussing anything anywhere.

England Must Stand Firm

"There are signs," continues the Labour Daily, "that the United Kingdom Government is less inclined than aforesome to be obdurate." When, in Irish affairs, was it ever obdurate? When has Mr. De Valera been anything other than obdurate? Mr. "Jim" Thomas has made a mess of things by adopting his famous mood of post-prandial conviviality; but at least he has tried. Mr. De Valera has never budged an inch and never will.

The idea of the representatives of a mighty Empire putting themselves in an attitude of supplication before this preposterous person is more than a little humiliating. They had better keep their breath to cool their porridge.

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Russia Squirming

The position on the frontier of Manchuria is becoming graver and graver. The Japanese are bringing to trial over a hundred employees of the Chinese Eastern Railway on charges of sabotage, collusion with bandits, and subversive political activities under the direction of the Russian Soviet Government. Russia meantime has lost no opportunity of indulging in the usual propaganda accusing Japan of high-handed methods, of manufactured evidence, of torture to extract false confessions—a case of the pot calling the kettle black. Russia's protests fall upon deaf ears except in so far as our Pacifists are concerned who would be quite willing to see us dragged into the quarrel, needless to say on the side of Russia. This is the real reason why Stalin is toying with the idea of joining the League of Nations, so that in the event of war he might count on our benevolent neutrality at least and if Mr. Ramsay MacDonald can effect it he will get it. When you sup with the Devil you need a long spoon, but why, oh why, does Mr. Winston Churchill welcome the prospect of Russia joining the League of Nations?

Mussolini on Force

Mussolini delivered a noteworthy speech at Bologna to his Generals and foreign military missions at the termination of Italy's army manœuvres. He uttered the truism which our own politicians appear to have forgotten altogether when he said, "Nations rise and fall as a result of force. Every man in Italy must respond as one when the call comes to arms." There spoke a man, and a man on whom the lessons of history have not been lost. It is a sinister reflection that we in Britain are following an absolutely opposite course. We have dispersed our force, in the air, on the sea and by land. Our youth is being encouraged in all quarters to worship at the shrine of the false god Pacifism, which looks so pure and beautiful to the eye but must lead in the end to dishonour and death.

**

Pacifism a Corruption

This Pacifism, a form of inverted snobbishness among many of our gilded youth, reminds us of a legend told by the Toltecs of Mexico. There came a time of great national stress in that nation which had been war-like, brave and industrious. The lands were parched, famine stared the people in the face, and pestilence stalked through the land. Added to that they were invaded by their neighbours, who marched on the capital, while the wise men sat in solemn assembly to find a way out of their difficulties. At this juncture, while the wise men were trying vainly to arrange a truce with the enemy, it was suddenly announced that a new god was sitting on a hill near the city. The people trooped out to worship this phenomenon, which at a distance looked divine and beautiful, but when they approached near they found it was a mass of stinking corruption. The Toltecs were then destroyed or fled. It aptly describes the cult of Pacifism in this country, and if it is not the policy of our "wise men," namely the Government, it is difficult to know what else to call it.

**

"War is in the Air"

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is an avowed Pacifist and since he became head of the "National Government," neither by word nor deed has he repudiated his Internationalist and disarmament sentiments. Mr. Baldwin is too astute to say he is a Pacifist, but his deeds speak as loudly as words. He is indignant when he is accused by the French of "bluffing," because he said in regard to our Air defences that our frontier lies to-day on the Rhine, but the Government are taking no active steps to meet the menace. This time next year our depleted Air Force will possess just one squadron more aeroplanes, but Germany, France, Italy, Russia, as well as the minor Powers are feverishly building up their fleets. Lord Beatty has

caustically commented on our disastrous position at sea. It is the same all the way along and it leads to the inevitable conclusion that the Government of Messrs. Ramsay MacDonald and Baldwin have no other policy in the event of sudden crisis than to plead for mercy and trust to luck. "Nobody in Europe wants war" says Mussolini, "but war is in the air and might break out at any moment." We will leave it at that!

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MacDonald's Holiday

We can bear with complete equanimity the denial of the report that the Prime Minister is curtailing his exceptionally long holiday. Mr. MacDonald has been absent since the beginning of July and he will not be home until the end of the month.

"No urgent need" runs the official statement, "exists for his return." If the need for prolonging his absence is not urgent it is at least real; for the country manages to get on tolerably well without him. And since a Conservative Government, (for which, incidentally, the country voted), chooses to depart from Conservative principles, an utterly contemptible leader is best out of the way "lest worse harm befall."

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Reds and Blackshirts

Whatever the effect of the ban of official labour on the counter-demonstrations when the Fascists hold their rally in Hyde Park on September 9, some disturbance is inevitable. The Communists are organising a jamboree on their own account, and plenty of people are bound to be present in the Park out of curiosity; that they will be able to remain neutral in the event of trouble is hardly likely.

The position of the police will, as usual, be difficult, possibly more difficult than it was at Olympia in the summer. Comments from the left indicate mighty indignation that "the police now interpret their duty in regard to Communist meetings differently from their duty towards Fascist ones." There is not a scintilla of evidence that the police do anything of the sort. But the Red apologists seem to forget that Communist meetings are held in support of a creed which aims at the destruction of King and Country and are inspired by the devilments of Soviet Russia. Whereas the object of the Fascists, whether or no one agrees with their methods, is intensely patriotic. If the police keep a keener eye on the enemies of the State than on its defenders, there should be no room for surprise or indignation.

**

Extend the Silence Zones

Mr. Hore-Belisha has at least done something. That is in itself sufficient to make a Minister of

Transport notable. The "Zones of Silence" scheme is now in operation in London and is voted a success. The public are thanking Mr. Hore-Belisha, and Mr. Hore-Belisha has thanked the public and the press and the B.B.C., and everything is very friendly and pleasant.

But the scheme must without delay be extended to the larger provincial towns, whose citizens have as much right as Londoner's to peaceful sleep, and to the prohibition of roaring exhausts within the scheduled period.

A certain degree of noise in a motor car cannot as yet be prevented, but much of it can. There is a type of sadistic cad who takes a delight in tearing along in the small hours in a high-powered car that makes a deafening row. Now that he cannot hoot he contrives to make as much noise as possible in other ways. He must be dealt with.

* *

Herrings, Kippers and Blue Trout

Much might be done for the herring industry if people who frequent fashionable restaurants would cease to be snobs in the matter of food. Herrings are eaten in the form of kippers for post-theatre suppers or post-party breakfast. But the humble herring is despised in its non-kippered form just because it is humble—and cheap. A herring is a delicious fish. Its flavour is more delicate than that of the blue trout, (which is always faintly suggestive of mud) and the bones are less troublesome. Yet the expensive blue trout is in favour and the herring is despised.

We are a strange race.

* *

Sugar and Spice

Although we hold no brief for the pernicious practice of subsidising industries which could and should be protected by tariffs, we must really take the *Daily Herald* to task for its run with the hare and hunt with the hounds propensities. A few days ago that inspired paper printed a tirade against the British sugar industry, with especially caustic reference to the sugar beet subsidy which was designed to aid the farmers. A day or so later the Labour organ comes out with a pathetic tale of increased unemployment among agricultural labourers. It states, naively, that the agricultural labourer's only chance of further work this year is in lifting sugar beets!

* *

The Village that Was

A chapel has been built to commemorate the position of the hamlet called Fleury, which was utterly destroyed during the battle of Verdun. The last time, writes a correspondent, I was at Fleury there were still a few traces of walls and foundations left. The flood of German invaders had

rolled over it again and again, and had poured up from the valley to the edge of Fort Souville, whence it was rolled back never to return. It was just above Fleury that the fate of Verdun was decided and the enemy finally driven back.

* *

A Riddle of the Past

It is strange that no London paper has reproduced a Corinth telegram published in the *Temps*, for if the news it reports is confirmed, a discovery of vital importance to the history of painting has just been made. Three paintings on wood are said to have been discovered in a grotto near Corinth and they are believed to date from the 6th century B.C. The date seems very early though Corinth played an important part in the development of Greek painting, which remains one of the most tantalising riddles of the past, since not a single picture has survived. It is said that the colours, particularly the blue, green and yellow, have not lost their brilliance. One of the scenes depicted is the sacrifice of a he-goat.

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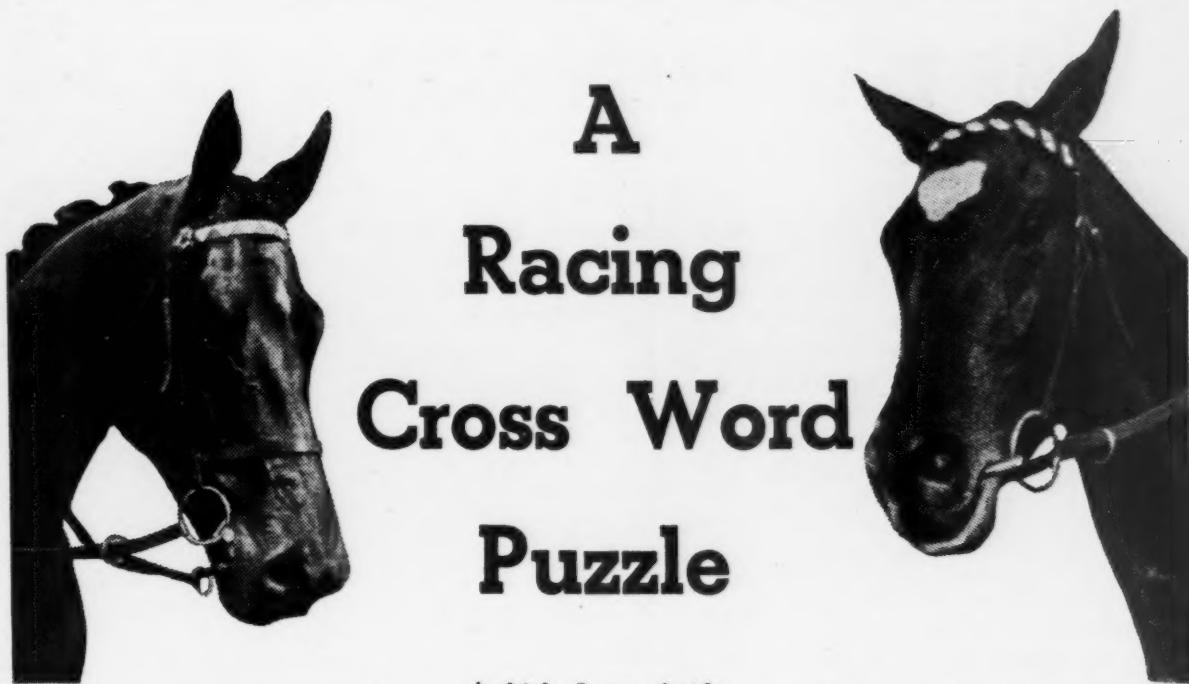
That Pledge on India

The Joint Select Committee on Indian Reform is not going to re-assemble till October 8, and as its Report, with Minutes of Dissent attached, is not likely to be produced before the end of that month, if then, it is quite obvious that at the Conservative Party Conference on October 6 Mr. Baldwin will have plenty of excuse for not being able to redeem the pledge he has given of consulting the Party on the Indian question. One says "excuse" advisedly, since the Government, with its various members on the Committee, will at the date of the Conservative Conference have a very shrewd idea as to the general trend of the Committee's discussions, and it would not altogether surprise one to hear that there is not to be a very long interval between the publication of the Report and the appearance of the Government's Bill. Whether that should prove to be the case or not, there ought to be no reason for Mr. Baldwin being unable to inform his Party on October 6 when the special meeting is to be called by him for the purpose of fulfilling the pledge he has given.

* *

Old Text Books

One of the minor problems of life is what to do with old text books. Not the thumbed and ragged relics of the school-room, but the well printed, well bound volumes of the Greek and Latin texts which most of us possess yet seldom read. The booksellers will not look at them, there is no market, they say, for "school books." Yet one hates to destroy them. Surely somewhere in this country there must be poor students to whom the works of the great Classic writers would be welcome at a low price, or at none at all.



A Racing Cross Word Puzzle

(which, I am afraid,
often begins
with a big, big D !)

COLOMBO
Partly crippled, a shadow of his former self, the "Horse of the Century," Colombo now hangs his head in the privacy of his owner's paddock at Newmarket.

By **LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E**

HERE is a question that interests nearly everyone—

Why is it that so many high-bred young thoroughbreds who start their racing career by running brilliantly quickly fade away out of the picture into "also rans"? Is this a peculiarity of the modern racehorse?—If so, why?—Or is it a fault of the modern mode of training them?

There are, of course, a few bright exceptions, "Brown Jack" is a proof—He has always run up to his form and seldom disappointed his backers. What is the reason that he is such an outstanding exception?

This is a cross-word puzzle worth solving.

In the history of famous racehorses of the past, and until only a few years ago, a thoroughbred, once established by his running as being A.1. Class, could generally be relied on to keep up to his form; but now they fall into nothingness—not when old and worn out—but often when young and in the zenith of their strength they crumble up without any apparent reason directly after having run and won in the first flight, and this strange anomaly now seems to be accepted without much comment.

Surely this is a problem well worth sifting and investigating.

THE DARK HORIZON: By Hamadryad

(Being some reflections inspired by listening to the speech of a Pacifist Cabinet Minister).

Well promised, Smooth-face ! milk and honey,
 The corn, the wine, the oil,
 Toil lending dignity to money,
 Commerce ennobling Toil,
 In form the fruity oratory
 That flows from you so pat.
 How well it sounds ! But is the story
 As simple as all that ?

The high ideals, the generous sages
 That move the hearts of men,
 Find small occasion, through the ages,
 To point the historian's pen.
 Greed, envy, hate, revenge, oppression,
 Ambition, fear and wrath,
 The soul's disease, the mind's obsession,
 Speed nations in their path.

Wrong begets right and ill deeds kindle
 Virtue's unwavering flame ;
 Fate's thread is twisted on a spindle
 That knows not praise or blame.
 While Nature holds the balance level
 The star-dust meets the mud,
 And swords unsheathed to please the Devil
 Are dyed with heroes' blood.

But this we know : from earth's beginnings,
 The amoeba and the slime,
 Only the strong have kept their winnings
 For any length of time.
 They only suffer no bereavement,
 Nor fall beside the way,
 Who stake upon to-day's achievement
 The gains of yesterday.

Ever the Devil took the hindmost,
 The weak went to the wall,
 And he who never sought to bind most
 Quickly became, the thrall.
 For such is Nature's law and letter,
 Her dispensation set.
 Man talks of finding something better :
 He hasn't found it yet !

Vainly in conferential chatter
 Men seek the end of strife,
 Crying " How barbarous to battle
 A fellow out of life !
 Starve him or rob : a mindless moron,
 Chain him to desk and wheel,
 But bid him not to carry war on,
 Or he'll respond with zeal.

He always did : he always will do.
 War has its prizes still,
 And he'll be just among the killed who
 Has grown too weak to kill.
 Peace has no price that's paid with money ;
 The corn, the wine, the oil,
 Follow the sword ; the milk and honey
 Are but the victor's spoil.

Citizens of London, Beware!

By Kim

THE City of London has a proud political record. Hitherto its escutcheon has never been soiled with anything detrimental to the glory of English nationality. On many occasions in the past the citizens of the City of London have come forward to help in any national extremity with large sums of money and personal service. It is not too much to say that throughout the history of England London has been largely the pivot round which success has swung, and that Kings and Queens have wooed the City merchants for national causes without ever going away empty handed. So much so is this the case that in foreign countries, after the Royal Family, the Lord Mayor of London holds a supreme position in the minds of the public.

Since democratic government became the vogue the City of London has always been represented by solid citizens, Conservative in politics, men usually bankers or merchants of distinction, some of whom have become very prominent, and as the representatives of the financial headquarters of the nation greatly respected in all matters concerning trade or finance. The two sitting members Sir V. Bowater and Mr. E. C. Grenfell carry on the tradition reasonably well. They were returned unopposed, like all City M.P.'s, because the crank views of Liberals and Socialists have never had the slightest foothold among the hard-headed business men of the City of London.

Balfour's Safety Seat

The only exception hitherto to a solid City representation was in 1906 when Mr. Arthur Balfour who had brought disaster on the heads of Conservatives throughout the country by his equivocal leadership found a sanctuary in the City, after being cast out of the Manchester seat. There was a good deal of dissatisfaction at the time, but at any rate Balfour was a Conservative albeit of the luke-warm variety. Many years later, in 1923, a move was made to adopt Mr. Reginald McKenna, then a pillar of the Free Trade Party and a Liberal, whom Mr. Baldwin in the early flush of his definite scheme to disintegrate Conservatism wished to make Chancellor of the Exchequer. A safe seat was wanted and the City fathers were nobbled. However, Mr. Banbury, (later Lord Banbury), a good Tory, saw through the little game and delayed the acceptance of a peerage for sufficient time to frustrate it.

Now there is a strong back-stairs movement to find accommodation for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as a member for the City of London. In view of the savage and consistent attacks on Government and private finance which have marked the varied career of Mr. MacDonald since as far back as 1907 when he said that Empire and Imperialism were "obnoxious," the bare idea of this political mountebank as representative of the solid and capitalistic interests of the first City of the world will surely be intolerable to the huge mass of City

opinion, unless of course the principle is that an old poacher becomes the best gamekeeper. There has been of late years a softening in the former sturdy attitude of the City Fathers, and a good many electors have not yet forgiven the Corporation when they bestowed the Freedom of the City of London on Mr. MacDonald in 1929, not two years before his precious Socialist Government collapsed through reckless extravagance.

A member of the 1912 Club, which meets for debate in the City Conservative Association, in our issue last week described how Lord Stonehaven addressed the Club in July and sang a paean of praise of Mr. MacDonald, obviously with the idea of paving the way for the adoption of the present Prime Minister at the next General Election. It appears that Lord Stonehaven met with many interruptions and only questions were allowed, the topic of India being barred. In effect his audience was hostile, but the City must not imagine the intrigue will stop there.

Baldwin Must Go!

Behind the scenes, according to our correspondent, stands Mr. Baldwin, "whose business it is to de-Britishize Conservatism." If Mr. Baldwin has his way, Mr. MacDonald will become one of the members of the City of London, a convenient peerage being found for the member willing to retire in his favour. Our correspondent describes Mr. Baldwin as a "Socialist-Internationalist," and says he is "one of the trickiest of party wire-pullers." This is the estimate we have given of Mr. Baldwin in almost the same words again and again. We have said, and we say again, that he is selling the Conservative cause and the only way to get rid of Mr. MacDonald is to depose Mr. Baldwin.

Mr. MacDonald's Parliamentary seat is in great jeopardy. He does not stand an earthly chance of re-election at Seaham Harbour, and there are no safe seats going about the country where he would be acceptable. That strings should be pulled in the City of London of all places speaks volumes, for it indicates that Mr. Baldwin believes he has the Conservative organisation in his pocket there, and if he can overcome the objections of the rank and file all will be plain sailing. It is fervently to be hoped that this cynical contempt for all the great traditions of the City will be swept aside by the rank and file and the City re-established on the pillar of sound commercial and Imperial representation which has stood like a rock for a thousand years.

The only danger that confronts the City is apathy, and that one fine day it will awake to find the pass has been sold, whilst one more City magnate is given a coat of arms and retires to the luxury of the House of Lords.

Lest Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's garish career has been forgotten, it will be wise to remind the City electors of a few of his exploits. In 1914, at

the beginning of the war he declared that the only reason we joined in was to give the Navy battle practice. In 1915 to 1917 he was active in trying to stab our country in the back, by writings and meetings creating disaffection, and so hated was he by the working classes that Mr. Havelock Wilson's Seamen's Union in 1917 refused to carry him to Russia, where he intended to throw in such weight as he possessed with the Soviet. He was accused of being at the back of revolutionary movements in the munition workshops and Army, when he attempted to form a Workmen's and Soldiers Soviet in Britain. In July 1918, his platform at Woolwich was rushed by soldiers and workmen and he had to escape by a back way.

Since then his career has followed along a similar course. He has always been servile towards Russia, our implacable foe. He has always supported disintegration of the Empire whether in Ireland, Egypt, or India. He supported the General Strike in 1926, when Mr. Baldwin should have arrested him on a charge of fomenting open rebellion. In 1927 he tried to divert British troops from protecting our interests in Shanghai and the lives of our nationals. He is opposed to tariffs and has asserted that our industries would not benefit one per cent. by them. From his speeches since he has been Prime Minister there is not the slightest indication that he has departed from his Socialism and Internationalism, but prosecutes

them under the guise of a National Government supported by Conservative votes.

In the background Mr. Baldwin pursues the same objects. It is a case of birds of a feather. Only the other day he indignantly repudiated a French Statesman who had said that his claim that our frontier now was on the Rhine, was only a bluff. Men in his position do not bluff, said Mr. Baldwin. Yet, while he is sipping the waters of Aix-les-Bains, we know that his new Air programme announced with such a flourish of trumpets nearly three months ago is not moving at all. We are not only hopelessly behind all the Great Powers but dropping more and more behind. Mr. Baldwin may give it any name he pleases if "bluff" or "blague" does not suit him, but a political leader who seeks to allay anxieties by promising to take the necessary steps and fails to do so, is deceiving his country, just as he is trying to deceive the City of London by a sleight of hand whereby a business magnate is transposed into an Internationalist anti-Capitalist Pacifist.

It is to be hoped the City of London electors will beware. It is not too late for them to put their foot down. As for the rank and file of Conservatism I would remind them that in October the National Conference is to be staged in Bristol, where the opportunity can occur of a vote of Want of Confidence in Mr. Baldwin. When he is toppled over Mr. MacDonald will go with him.

The Tragedy of the Irish Free State

From an Irish Correspondent

THE Keltic races have disrupted many States but founded none." So wrote Mommsen, the historian, many years ago. The same sentiment is reflected in the recent remark of a brilliant Irish writer, Mr. Shane Leslie. "To none is it given to rule the Irish, least of all the Irish themselves." There is much to support that view in the appalling conditions of the Free State to-day.

It is true that after the Coalition Government's Irish Treaty of December, 1921, which was in fact a surrender to the "gunmen" when they were at the end of their resources, the Cosgrave Government made a courageous effort to carry out the Treaty and establish order in a land which de Valera and his followers had in the Civil War brought to the verge of ruin. But throughout their ten years' term of office, the secret forces behind De Valera, the I.R.A., the Socialist-Communist combination known as the Labour party, were working steadily to subvert it.

Their main weapons were the stirring up of race-hatred against England, the hereditary foe, and the even more potent appeal to the cupidity of the "Have Nots"—a growing majority to-day—for whose benefit they proposed to despoil the

"Haves." These appeals brought Mr. De Valera into power two and a half years ago, though he is dependent for his majority on the small Labour vote, and he has set himself sedulously to gratify the demands of his masters. Hence the repudiation of Treaty obligations, financial and other, the refusal to join in the Ottawa agreements, which would have given the Free State an unrivalled position in the British market, the slighting of the King by the appointment of a Governor-General *pour rire*—who, though described as the rubber stamp, is marked down for early abolition as an anachronism—and in internal affairs the persistent pursuit of a nakedly Communist policy designed to level down and impoverish the minority that are better off than the majority, who, as he hopes, will be tempted by his bribes to keep him in power. In practice this is the old Soviet policy of Lenin and Stalin, to crush the Kulak or fairly well-to-do farmer for the benefit of the loafer, the landless and the "ne'er-do-well."

The Cosgrave Government made some serious blunders in truckling to anti-British feeling, thereby hoping to take the wind out of De Valera's sails. But they have many solid achievements to their credit, among them the creation of an ad-

mirably efficient Civil Police, organised by General O'Duffy, and of an impartial and independent judiciary. These two, with O'Duffy's Blueshirts standing for liberty of speech and of public meeting, are the chief bulwarks against the growing anarchy and executive tyranny. Doubtless for that reason De Valera has decided to undermine them. Within the last year he has drafted into the Civil Police thousands of the "gunmen," thus playing up to and providing for his masters.

These are the men (known variously as De Valera's "Black and Tans" and the "Broy Harriers" after their Chief) responsible for shooting down the farmers at Cork last week. The farmers were protesting against the Sheriff's sale of cattle seized to pay the annuities which De Valera had refused to pay to the British Government but insists on levying for his own. No wonder the farmers, faced with bankruptcy by the tariff imposed by the British Government to reimburse itself, refused to pay the despoiler whose action had brought them to ruin. "Broy's Harriers" justified their name; they were in at the kill and duly bled! But the last has not been heard of that episode.

To sap the independence of the Civil Courts, which have stood out for the Constitution, asserted control of De Valera's Military Tribunals, and upheld the legality of the Blue Shirt organisation, he has decided to abolish the Senate, the majority of which is opposed to his policy. The Judges, as in England, are now removable only on an address from both Houses, but, with the Senate gone, they will be at the mercy of his servile majority in the Dail, and then good-bye to judicial independence.

Heading for Bankruptcy

Meantime, the country is being crippled financially by the enormous growth in expenditure combined with a fall of nearly one-half in exports, and a cruel increase in taxation. De Valera had promised to reduce expenditure by two millions, he has increased it by ten millions in two years, largely to provide doles, jobs and pensions for his followers. The expenditure this year is estimated at thirty-six millions for less than three millions of people. De Valera had argued that the taxable capacity of the Free State is only one-sixty-sixth that of Great Britain, which is not lightly taxed; so that on his own showing the Irish taxation, according to the English standard, should be only some eleven millions.

When his repudiation of obligations started the Tariff War, so ruinous to the chief Irish industry, he promised to find "alternative markets." He has now had to admit they do not exist. His main hope was Germany, which sells to the Free State ten times more than she buys.

Meantime Germans, Belgians and Jews are getting control of the many mushroom industries, which he is endeavouring to establish in pursuance of his new doctrine of self-sufficiency. Bankruptcy is staring those hitherto solvent in the face, such trade in cattle with England as is left is carried on at a loss, and there are many complaints of the growth of graft. De Valera's remedy is to do

away with the surplus cattle. Hence the recent measure to kill off 120,000 new-born calves—a Massacre of the Innocents—and to buy up the cattle at a nominal price for slaughter and the supply of beef to the poor—especially to those who vote for him! Hundreds of officials are being appointed to carry out these measures.

This policy, coupled with indiscriminate doles, free milk, pensions to the "gunmen" of the Anglo-Irish and Civil War—for whom an extra grant of £350,000 per annum is now proposed—is rapidly producing a general demoralisation of the people, which is even more disastrous than their impoverishment. Combined with it is the deliberate lowering of the value of land—the chief asset in Ireland—to its prairie value, thus enabling him to acquire it for a song and distribute it to his hungry followers. To-day no title is secure, and the landless and the covetous are already casting lots for the property of their neighbours.

Exit Big Business

Is it any wonder that the great industries such as Guinness's Brewery and Jacob's Biscuit Factory are seeking to establish themselves outside the Free State? How long can it last?

De Valera's opponents—and they include nearly everyone with a stake in the country—have recently unearthed an old prophecy, "A Spaniard shall rule, ruin, and then run from Ireland."

The "rule" is a fact, the "ruin" almost complete, and the "running" is eagerly awaited. Incidents such as the Cork shooting may precipitate it. But his *régime* must inevitably split on the rock of finance. He has tided over his difficulties so far by repudiating "obligations" to England (five millions annually), annexing the Teachers' Provident Fund (two millions) and by a Government loan of six millions. But it is significant that less than a million of this was subscribed by the public; the Banks were persuaded to make up nearly all the balance. But the Banks have their prior obligation to their depositors, and will fight shy of the inevitable further "requests." Then the crash will come, and De Valera's power will go once he is unable to maintain it by bribes and intimidation.

The British public may shrug their shoulders and say "It's no longer any business of ours; let the Irish stew in their own juice." Perhaps they are justified as regards Ireland, for their direct responsibility ceased with the Treaty of 1921.

But in India, with its 350 millions of people, they still have a direct responsibility—based on an unblemished record of splendid administration—before God and man; and the National Government is proposing to transfer that responsibility to those—for, as Ireland shows, the extremists will get control sooner or later, and India has no Cosgrave or O'Higgins—who openly declare for secession, repudiation of financial obligations, elimination of British-made that they have seen successfully carried out by De Valera in the Free State. Ireland offers a warning and a lesson.

What the White Paper Cannot Do

By Hamish Blair

(*The Man on the Spot*)

ORATORS on the stump for the White Paper policy are never tired of threatening us with the awful consequences which they tell us must inevitably follow upon any failure on the part of Britain to implement that policy in India. Reuter seems particularly fond of cabling out to us the speeches—or rather, the speech—which a gentleman called Villiers has been delivering up and down England.

Mr. Villiers, as to whom I shall say nothing personally (though I could say a great deal!) appears to have only one theme, and that is that, unless the Baldwin-MacDonald-Hoare programme is carried out in its entirety, there will be the most appalling ructions in India. He has said this so often that he may quite possibly have begun to believe it himself—but I doubt it! And in any case I take leave to doubt whether threats of this kind are the best method of persuading the British elector of the wisdom and timeliness of the abdication drive.

Mr. Villiers, and his friends, by the way, appear to be much less insistent upon the benefits which should ensue if and when the policy of surrender has been consummated. Yet surely, if there is any point in these full-blooded menaces, it might reasonably be inferred that they may be charmed away by the concessions which MacDonald has taken it upon himself to promise, and which Parliament will be called upon—this year, next year, sometime—ever?—to enact. If India is prepared to cut up so rough over the rejection of the “reforms,” logically she ought to be all smiles if and when they are carried into effect.

An Unwanted Gift

But that is where the loud-voiced champions of the White Paper are beginning to suffer from laryngitis. And indeed, with practically every class and creed and party in this country foaming at the mouth whenever the White Paper is mentioned, it becomes extraordinarily difficult to argue that peace, loyalty and contentment will descend upon India the moment it becomes law—or that India will not visit its “gratitude” upon those who have thrust an unwanted gift upon it.

It is as likely as not that there will be disturbances in India should the Constitution Bill, or whatever Sir Samuel chooses to call it, be thrown out. Gandhi is perfectly capable of fomenting them for his own crooked ends, although he has no more use for the White Paper than any other politician. But the Government of India is well able to take care of such a situation; it can hardly be worse than the mess which had to be cleaned up after Lord Halifax left India two and a half years ago.

What is far more certain is that the simpletons who support the White Paper policy in the hope that it will placate India are going to be grievously disappointed, if the matter is ever put to the proof. India—that is the politicians—doesn’t want the “reforms,” but even if it did it wouldn’t show the smallest gratitude towards the bearers of the gift. It would claim that, insufficient as they were, it had forced them from reluctant British hands, and it would raise a greater fuss than ever, in order to compel the fullest surrender from Whitehall and from Parliament.

The one fact to be kept steadily in mind if the problem is to be solved aright is that what Mr. Baldwin calls “Intellectual and Political India,” is anti-British to a man. Whether it calls itself Liberal or Congressite, moderate or extremist, it is radically hostile to the present regime. With very few exceptions, even those Indian members of the Government, who are compelled by their offices to stand up for its measures in the legislatures, do so with their tongues in their cheeks.

Fatuous Concessions

There is hardly an educated or professional Indian throughout the length and breadth of the country who is not actively or passively disloyal. The only class which is for us at heart, is the influential landed interest; and that has been so bemused and discouraged by our fatuous concessions to sedition that it hesitates to declare its real sentiments; it fears to range itself on what may prove to be the losing side!

These are facts which are known to every resident in India, and they effectually dispose of any hope that the White Paper, even if it were twice as liberal as it is, can ever reconcile the irreconcilable. It can only intensify the hatred and contempt towards us which “intellectual and political India” already displays—sentiments based entirely upon the feebleness of our Government during the past twenty years. That the British Raj is decrepit and moribund is now the fixed belief of the so-called *intelligentsia*. Only an earthquake can remove it. The one remedial possibility about the White Paper is that any attempt to implement it may precipitate the necessary catastrophe!

India, 12 August, 1934.

If your friends find difficulty in obtaining the *Saturday Review* from their newsagents, ask them to send a postcard to The Publisher, *Saturday Review*, 18-20 York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

A Politician Before Peter

By Our Saturday Reviewer

HE seemed, at first sight, a benevolent soul. His mane of silvery hair fell down upon the collar of what might have been a night-gown—or was it, possibly, the robe of the Arch-Druid of the Eisteddfod? Conscious of making a good impression, he looked round with a smile—or was it a smirk?—on a face which was as sharp as the mask of a fox.

"I suppose I may enter," he said.

There was a discouraging flash of angelic swords.

"A large supposition," said St. Peter, "although no doubt, in your case, justified. Still we have certain formalities, you know. We do not demand very much of poor mortality. One good deed is our minimum—to prove the heart of flesh."

"O, that is easy," said the Soul. "It was I who won the War."

"No, that hardly comes within the definition," said St. Peter.

"But it was a war to end war," said the other.

"I have heard that so many times," St. Peter replied. "Man always seems to fight for that purpose, nor should I blame him if he thinks he is right. I, myself, I was not exactly a Pacifist. But up here we do not make any distinction between those who win and those who lose wars, which would be a point rather difficult to decide between the contending parties. Victory or defeat, it is nothing to us. We test men's hearts, not their achievements."

"I see your point," said the shade with characteristic alertness. "Let us turn, then, to my victories in peace."

"Not victories, but virtues," the Doorkeeper corrected.

"I was the Tribune of the People," said the Shade. "It was I who began the great and beneficent work of Social Reform in England. I was the champion of democracy. My oratory . . ."

"You are not addressing a public meeting," said St. Peter. "I want you to come down to particulars."

"That is easily done," the other replied jauntily. "It was I who introduced the People's Budget."

"With what object?"

"Why the object was, of course, to give the land to the People."

"Your land?"

"Oh no, not my land, at that time I had no land; I bought my land later."

"Other people's land?"

"Yes, the land of the rich. I proposed to give it to the poor."

"And did they get it?"

"At this date I cannot quite remember," said the Shade, evasively.

"In any case it would not matter," said St. Peter. "If the land was not yours to give it could hardly have been a virtue to give it. Was there anything else?"

"Many things. There was Health Insurance."

"Were you a healer?" St. Peter asked, "like my friend, St. Mark?"

"No; but I made a law on the subject. You see before that time the poor patient had himself to pay the physician."

"And you paid for it out of your own pocket? Now we are talking," said St. Peter, rubbing his hands. "You can make an entry," he said to his Clerk, "on the credit side."

"No, not exactly that," said the Soul uneasily, as one unaccustomed to make admissions. "I arranged that other people should pay the fee."

St. Peter's face fell. "Strike that out," he said to the Clerk. "We were premature in our assumption." Then, turning to the Shade, "We are trying to reach something of your own," he said.

"I gave ninepence for fourpence to the great majority of the electorate," the Candidate for Heaven replied.

"Let me see," said St. Peter, making a rapid calculation. "This charitable balance of fivepence —was it yours?"

"O, no," said the Soul, "I had no money then. I got my money later."

"Then the fivepence was taken from other people?"

"Yes, but, of course, quite legally," said the Shade. "It was I who made the law."

"I do not doubt it," replied St. Peter drily, "but we are searching your heart for charity, and as yet we have not found it. We desire, besides, to know the motive of all this vicarious generosity. You were, I gather, a statesman. This then was your business, to obtain the suffrage of the people. It was your gain and your profit. But was your heart wrung by the sufferings of that majority?"

"My heart was wrung," said the politician, "and we should have swept the country."

"I see," said the Saint. "You hired the many with the money of the few."

"I am afraid you are a reactionary," the applicant retorted. "You do not appear to understand the virtues of Liberalism."

"We deal here with men's hearts," St. Peter replied patiently, "with what are the secret motives of the soul. We search out the cardinal and private virtues of mankind and, so far, in your case . . ."

"O, I can mention many other things," the candidate interrupted. "There was unemployment insurance, and homes for heroes . . ."

"Did you ever give anybody sixpence?" asked St. Peter. "Sixpence of your own?"

"Do you mean out of my own pocket, or out of my Personal Fund?" asked the Shade.

"Charity vaunteth not itself," said St. Peter, "is not puffed up. But where there are tongues they shall cease. . . . Close the door, Michael."

And the Archangel Michael closed the door.

ROUND THE CONSTITUENCIES

No Leader from the North

By a Political Correspondent

IF you take the map of England and draw a line from the Mersey to the Wash, to the north will lie ninety-nine of the one hundred and ninety-three seats which represent the Boroughs of England. It is extraordinary when one considers the contribution that the North has made to our history and our material prosperity, how consistently it has been and is ignored and neglected by the South. The North should employ a first-class publicity agent.

Politicians, of course, have followed along in the wake of public opinion. In the post-war Conservative Cabinet the proportion of members sitting for Northern constituencies is negligible. The Socialists, taking their support chiefly from the towns, are in this respect very slightly better. In the present Cabinet, not one of the great Northern Boroughs is represented. Mr. Hudson from Southport is certainly an Under-Secretary of State, but he alone out of ninety-nine!

That Southern Drift

It is not merely coincidence that the Northern Boroughs have not the right men. There has been a drift South in politicians too—always excepting the Scottish contingent, which seems to be an integral part of any Cabinet. Candidates for seats shun the North: Mr. Drummond Wolff, for instance, having fought the Rotherham by-election and lost, does not set himself to save the North for Toryism, but slips contentedly into Basingstoke. Mr. Duff Cooper, having won his splendid victory at Oldham in 1924, goes to Winchester when he is defeated in 1929; Sir Geoffrey Ellis—a North countryman—treated similarly by Wakefield, is only too pleased to drop in when Mr. Cooper fights Mr. Baldwin's battle in St. George's. And so it goes on. Security in the South at any price.

The influence of the North, apart from lack of Cabinet representation, is not as strong in the House of Commons as it should be. It is the old disease of drift—drift out of Protection—into trade agreements—into German default—into India surrender. Even the characteristics of the North seem to have vanished—at least they are invisible at Westminster. Fuming in the smoking-room is no good.

At heart these ninety-nine Boroughs are as really Tory as any South-country towns. They have been allowed in many cases to become Socialist strongholds through neglect; but the general opinion that international finance has had more influence on Conservative policy than national development has been the deciding factor. Where local men have stood, who know the place and their job—as Colonel Shute does in Manchester—there is no cause for worry. There is never much cause for worry when men are Tories and are not ashamed of saying so. Mr. Howard

Gritten will keep the Hartlepools as long as he wants to; the Liberals once possessed it for nine months with Sir William Jowitt—he was a plain Mister then and no Socialist—as tenant. But the day of the Liberals is over in the North, as everywhere else. I doubt if one Liberal National will be returned, though Sir Robert Aske may keep East Newcastle. I suppose the full-blooded Liberal, Mr. Kingsley Griffith, will hold Middlesbrough, which has always been Liberal, but the others who were elected by Conservatives whom they have consistently betrayed, will find themselves in the cold.

Sir John Marriott, when he sat for York, did manage to keep himself and his Division well to the fore. A Liberal accomplished his defeat by a Socialist in 1929, and it was Mr. Lumley who won it back in 1931. He will keep the seat if he wants to; what one wonders about him, as about so many of the young men in the House, is whether he does want to. That is very much in Miss Irene Ward's favour; no need to wonder in her case. She has every intention of keeping Wallsend if she possibly can. If she was on her own she might well do it. But this great Government hasn't done much to help her or any of the other M.P.'s for distressed areas. Miss Ward is not always on the right lines, but she at least is going in the right direction.

Liberal, Farewell

Mr. Harcourt Johnstone—Liberal though he be—will undoubtedly lose the old Liberal stronghold of South Shields. A good many people could assure him of that. It will be interesting to see what Stockton-on-Tees does to Mr. Harold Macmillan when the time comes. In 1923 it said no to him. In 1924 it changed its mind. In 1929 it sent him to the wilderness, and he contemplated deserting Stockton for a Southern country seat. Surprisingly, he came back again, and 1931 gave him his reward. He is certainly not a Conservative as Conservatism is understood. He is actually Mr. Harold Macmillan, plan merchant memorandum supplier. I think Stockton will say to him: "No hawkers here."

Sheffield will have changes; Salford always does; the pendulum swings there left-right alternate elections. Major Jesson deserves to keep Rochdale; Major Proctor to keep Accrington—men who know their own minds and are prepared, if necessary, to give a piece of them to other people.

Stockport is in a mess, and Messrs. Hammersley and Dower are shaking its dust off their feet. The Preston two have missed their opportunities. Over and over again it is the same story. Members seem deliberately to underrate their constituents' intelligence. Divisions do not prefer rubber stamps. "Yes-men" are anybody's men. Con-

servative members got the chance in 1931 to show that the old faith is the true faith and that the individual Tory is a better man in every way to be in Parliament than the individual Socialist. The chance has been thrown away. The long list of absences from the Lobby grows. Members are seldom seen in their constituencies, though their opponents are working away there all the time. "National" propaganda is futile and out of date. Soon there will be the usual pre-Election flurry and flutter, but it will be too late. Half the House of Commons are losing their seats now. Mr. Linton Thorp should keep Nelson and Colne. He has taken his duties seriously, fought for his people,

been undoubtedly in Government eyes a nuisance. It is invariably a recommendation.

Mr. Barton, I imagine, set out to be a contrast to Commander Kenworthy when he beat him in Hull. He has certainly succeeded. He is neither seen nor heard. Mr. Potter takes his name as his guiding principle. The Liverpool and Manchester twenty-one are disappointingly mediocre.

One does not look for genius everywhere, but to find amidst the ninety-nine so few men fitted to lead the North and represent to half the industrial population of England the Tory creed is to reveal the depths to which, since the War, the Conservative Party have fallen.

HIGH POLITICS FROM THE INSIDE

"Those Troublesome Poles"

By Robert Machray

Warsaw.

AN extraordinary situation is in course of development in Poland. It may not be explosively dangerous, but it does not decrease the problems of Europe. At present the Poles are having one of those difficult times in international politics that have conferred on them, quite unfairly, at least at this juncture, the unkind and unfriendly epithet of "troublesome," by which is meant making or causing trouble when it would be more convenient not to do so, that is, for others. In Warsaw the people do not appear to be very much worried by the situation; they do not like it, as goes indeed without saying, but they carry on and remain perfectly calm.

A New Serenity

When I was here last year I noted that the Poles had lost a great deal of that nervous, fretful jumpiness which had characterised them in former years. No doubt whatever, Poland has grown up most amazingly since her extremely bad start in 1918-20. She feels almost, if not quite, mature. She is, if anything, too deeply conscious that she is entitled to rank as a Great Power, and part of the difficulty of the solution to-day is that she is too much inclined to resent the fact that some of the other Powers (not all of them Great Powers) do not seem to be sufficiently aware of the international status she has achieved.

Put briefly, the situation arises from the growing antagonism of Poland to France, and its possible consequences. Thanks to French intrigue in Lithuania in particular and to French policy in Soviet Russia generally, the Poles are showing themselves more and more fixed in their determination to have nothing whatever to do with the Eastern (Locarno) Pact. They stand by their military alliance with France, but it would be simply absurd to say that Polish relations with France are not again most uncomfortably strained—perhaps they are even more strained to-day than they were before the famous visit of M. Barthou

to Warsaw some months ago. Nor are Polish relations with Soviet Russia anything like as good as they were only a very short while back.

What is the net result? It is that Poland, though by the very nature of things she is the most pre-determined, predestinate and absolutely-opposed country in the world to Germany, is tending by a perfectly natural—and in my view all the more deplorable—reaction to gravitate towards Hitler's Third Reich! *Absit omen!* This tendency is increased by the loyalty with which Hitler has observed the conditions of the Polish-German Ten-Years Peace Pact; the Poles have been very much impressed by that fact. They have not lost their national distrust of Germany, but they are substantial gainers under the Ten-Years Pact, and they are just accepting things as they are, while remaining alert and vigilant.

The Power of Hitler

As regards the personality and power of Hitler, the Poles took a serious view from the beginning of the strength of his régime, and thought it probable that it would not be something evanescent, as well as effervescent, but would endure for a considerable time. As is now well known, many French people, including some in high official positions, were of the opinion that the upshot of the conspiracy, or plot, or whatever it may be called, that closed in such a sensational series of events in Germany on June 30-July 1, would be the fall and disappearance from the scene of Hitler. This idea, too, had its effect on French policy. But it was not Hitler who fell, and this fact had its influence on Polish policy. The recent plebiscite for the "Führer-Chancellor" was considered in Poland, despite Hitler's reduced majority, as a fresh and decisive evidence of his enormous hold on the German people. Here, again, the Poles were and are of a different mind from the French.

Quite apart from all this, the Poles take great exception to French action in Lithuania; they regard it as positively unfriendly. My last article,

written in Kaunas, Lithuania, a week ago, concluded by expressing the hope that much better relations were going to be established between the Lithuanians and the Poles because of some adjustment or accommodation of the old Vilna quarrel that was in view, but I was speedily undeceived when I reached this city and heard what some leading Poles thought of the position as it now exists.

Two months ago there was a prospect of a genuine *détente*. Formerly the Lithuanians had based themselves, as against Poland, on the support of either Soviet Russia or Germany, or both, but the situation underwent an entire change once Poland had concluded her non-aggression treaty with Moscow and the Ten-Year pact with Berlin. Lithuania was practically isolated. Further, she was in constant hot water with Germany because of Fascist troubles in Memel and Memelland. It is perhaps not known in England, or it may have been forgotten, that about a hundred Memellanders (Germans) were arrested by the Lithuanian authorities last February, and are still in prison, without having been brought to trial.

It was only natural that Lithuania, in her really desperate position, should turn towards Poland. Marshal Pilsudski was willing to facilitate negotiations, and sent one of his most trusted friends to Kaunas with that end in view. For a while things went well—and then there was a big hitch, which, the Poles state without any hesitation or reserve, was caused by French intrigue. A well-known French journalist, who is a member of M. Herriot's Party, visited Kaunas, and, it is said on good authority, encouraged Lithuania, by promising French support, to resist the overtures of Pilsudski.

In a word, France, through this person, took the side of Lithuania as against Poland. The effect

of this unfortunate action on Franco-Polish relations can easily be imagined. The whole Polish Press, without distinction of party, reacted against France in no uncertain fashion, and this in its turn has led to denunciations in the Paris papers of "those troublesome Poles." It had been supposed in Paris that this pressure on Poland through Lithuania would bring the Poles to a "more reasonable" disposition towards the Eastern Pact, but the issue is exactly the reverse.

A further setback in Franco-Polish relations has been caused by the Polish Government's refusal of the request of the French Government to release two directors arrested for fraud in connection with the important industrial concern, the Girardow spinning mills, the chief proprietor of which is Marcel Boussac, the French capitalist. The revelations arising out of this affair have been of a sensational nature, and led a day ago to a duel in which Ignacy Matuszewski, one of Pilsudski's most prominent partisans and the editor of the *Gazeta Polska*, the Government organ, was severely wounded by the son of a former representative of Boussac. A section of the French Press has taken up this affair, and points to it as another witness against "those troublesome Poles."

It remains to be said, however, that the foreign policy of the Polish Government is the same on the surface as before—a policy which steadily pursues peace and good neighbourly relations with the adjacent States. It believes that the Eastern Pact is unnecessary, as there are plenty of pacts in existence already, and, besides, is convinced that if the "West" (which in this case means England) really knew to what a splendid extent peace has been consolidated in the "East" of Europe, it also would realise that the Pact is unnecessary.

Reform the British Legion!

An Exposure of the Mandarins

(By a Special Correspondent)

"IT is not the purpose of the Legion to put pressure on the Government to secure special privileges for Ex-Service men."

This is the astounding opinion which Sir Frederick Maurice is reported as having expressed on July 27th at Ampthill. It has, of course, for long been apparent that the leaders of the Legion held such views and framed their policy accordingly. It is, however, the first time that so frank an admission has been publicly made and members will do well to remember it.

Sir Frederick obviously does not believe that the Legion should fight for the retention of priority in employment for ex-service men nor for the disregard of wound pensions when they are assessed for unemployment relief—for these are definitely "privileges." That they should beg for charity he does object.

So long as he can take the salute at large rallies and standard parades, he seems satisfied that the lot of ex-service men needs no betterment.

It can therefore be assumed that the gallant President considers its purpose—apart from the collection of millions and the disbursement of doles—to be merely social and ornamental. In other words, the old taunt levelled at it by its opponents of "Buns, Beer and Billiards" has received an official cachet. Now at least we know why the Legion acquiesced in the betrayal of the Southern Ireland loyalists; why it dropped the case of the Ranker Officers; why it left the ex-service men in the Civil Service to fight their own battle; why it allowed the King's Roll to become a voluntary handicap to patriotic firms giving their competitors not on the Roll a definite advantage.

This astonishing admission was made in the course of the only official reference to my previous article, in which grave charges were made against Legion administration. A copy of this article was sent to headquarters and space was promised for any reply the mandarins desired to make. *No answer was forthcoming.*

In two months' time the Legion will be making its annual Poppy Day appeal. One of the charges was that the Haig Fund had been used to defray the private legal expenses of a Legion official. The public who make the existence of the Legion itself possible have a right to a full explanation of this incident before they are again asked to contribute.

Correspondence in the possession of the writer testifies to the great interest aroused by that article both among members and public. Branches have passed resolutions demanding an explanation and information on other matters. These requests have been ignored.

Sir Frederick Maurice's tongue has run away with him before. At Weston he boldly announced that the Legion had no secrets. Members were not slow to respond, and requests for information hitherto refused have poured into Eccleston Square, but no replies have been given.

Among the questions asked, which both members and public would wish answered are the following:—

The names, salaries paid and ex-service qualifications of all officials; the names of officials who are also in receipt of Service, as distinct from wound pensions and the amounts in each case; the number of women employed in posts which could be filled by disabled ex-service men; the scale on which travelling and subsistence allowances are paid; whether it is a fact that an official chartered an aeroplane to return to London from leave and charged up its cost to Legion funds, and the total amount spent in the last ten years by officials on trips abroad.

Masonic Secrets

When a so-called democratic organisation of National importance refuses such information—even to its Branches—the public is justified in drawing its own conclusions.

Commenting on this silence, the Secretary of a large London Branch, who is an earnest worker in the ex-service cause, writes: "There are more closely guarded secrets in the Legion than ever there were in any Masonic Temple."

His stricture is justified. A striking example is furnished by the issue of the Legion Journal, which purported to give an account of the recent Conference. It was a complete travesty of the facts. It deliberately gave the impression that there had been no criticism of the administration and conveniently omitted to record a Resolution passed practically unanimously, censuring H.Q. for disobeying the Delegates' instructions as to pension matters, and another demanding a "more aggressive" policy!

What faith can the rank and file have in the present leadership when facts are so distorted in

the official Journal, which, since the dismissal of the late editor, is a mere propaganda sheet for Haig House?

The manner in which the Report on the Employment Department is rendered again shows how H.Q. deliberately disguises facts. This report stated that last year nearly 39,000 men were "placed." This sounded excellent until questions elicited the fact that of these only 9,000 were in any sense permanent, the remainder being made up of odd days' work, etc.

Even the distribution of the money actually disbursed as "relief" is open to criticism. By far the largest portion goes in "doles" which result in no permanent benefit to the recipient. Really constructive or productive schemes such as Preston Hall, the King's Roll Clerks, etc., receive inordinately small amounts, and only 2½ per cent. goes to work finding.

£2,000 for Nothing

Thousands of pounds have, however, been handed over to the Women's Section to found and maintain a domestic training school which cannot be filled! Last year accounts showed over £2,000 for "emigration," though no emigration took place!

H.Q. consistently flout the instructions given them by Conference. Resolutions every year complain of this. There is a definite rule that no one who has not been a member for at least six months is eligible for paid employment at Haig House or Area H.Q. When the late editor was interviewed prior to appointment, he frankly stated that he could not comply with this condition. He was at once told that it did not matter, and he was appointed. Such examples, and they could be multiplied indefinitely, show how farcical is the claim made by the leaders that they run the organisation as directed by the rank and file.

If the views of the mandarins do not coincide with those of the members, they simply flout the instructions of Conference, nor do they even consider it necessary to report these circumstances and obtain covering approval for their action.

The foregoing facts amply demonstrate that there is a *prima facie* case for drastic reform. An organisation which does not progress must retrogress; one which stifles or resents criticism obviously fears exposure; one which has no fighting policy atrophies. The Legion under present administration is included in all these categories. It definitely fails to fulfil the functions expected of it. Its failure to enroll more than a mere fraction of ex-service men demonstrates it.

It must make way for a more virile organisation which will fight for ex-service men's rights and create a focal point in this country round which true patriotic feeling may once more rally. The caucus of retired Generals and Admirals have done their worst. They have reduced the term Ex-Service to one which immediately suggests charity instead of justice—doles instead of work—rallies and parades instead of constructive effort. Let them now make way for leaders who will utilise the fighting spirit of ex-service men to create better conditions for themselves and for our country.

First Apostle of Empire

By Clive Rattigan

FEW great men have in their lives afforded greater scope for controversy than Sir Walter Ralegh. Nor is this controversy due in his case to lack of material for forming a judgment. Rather the reverse.

State records and the semi-private social and political correspondence of the day contain a mass of evidence of his diverse activities, while in addition we have no less than 165 letters written in his own hand bearing on the most important incidents of his life, to say nothing of an important part of his literary work that has come down to us.

He was one who for the greater part of his life excited the envy and spite of lesser men. His speedy rise to wealth and power in the Court of Elizabeth and the influence he exerted there, except for two brief periods of disfavour, from 1581 to the great Queen's death, made him the inevitable target of malicious tongues. Nor did his haughty, imperious temper, his inability to suffer fools gladly make for friendships.

He was described in 1587, perhaps not wholly unjustly, as the best-hated man in court, city and country.

It was this lack of friends that he had to bewail when adversity fell upon him; and there can be little doubt that the depreciation of his many enemies and even of men upon whose support he had every right to count has to some extent affected unfavourably the verdict of posterity on some, at least, of his actions.

His Real Greatness

One or two episodes in his career might, from the point of view they are approached, bear interpretations almost as varying as his spellings of his own name. The Elizabethans were notoriously careless in their signatures, and till 1584, when he was knighted, he and his family spelt their surnames in all sorts of ways. Rawleghe, Rauleygh and Rauley were some of the forms he himself affected. After the date mentioned he seems to have favoured "Ralegh," which is the form in which his signature appears in 135 of his letters.

But if Ralegh's detractors, both in his own age and afterwards, have picked holes in his character—have made him out to be somewhat unscrupulous in securing his ends, more than a little indifferent at times to the strict truth, overweeningly proud and even covetous—they have not succeeded in destroying the real greatness of the man, who laboured so diligently in the pursuit of high patriotic ideals and who handed on his inspiration to subsequent generations of Englishmen.

His tragedy was that he should have lived on into the reign of a monarch who was jealously suspicious of all men of outstanding personality and intellect, who suffered from what we should call to-day an inferiority complex, and who before his accession to the English throne had been care-

fully primed with information damaging Ralegh's character.

"My seat has been the seat of Kings; and I will have no rascal to succeed me. Trouble me no more. He who comes after me must be a King. I will have none but our cousin of Scotland."

Such was the characteristic utterance of the dying Elizabeth, and she might well have turned in her grave had she known what kind of Sovereign was to come after her.

To Ralegh, James I's first greeting was ominously significant—"On my soul I have heard rawly of thee." Aubrey suggests that James was uneasy in Ralegh's presence, feeling the "awfulness and ascendancy" of one whom a Prince "would rather be afraid of than ashamed of."

If, as Posterity generally agrees, Ralegh's trial for treason in 1603 was a miserable, shameful farce, the carrying out of the sentence then pronounced after the failure of his Guiana expedition fifteen years later was nothing less than a national disgrace.

A National Hero

"We have not such another head to be cut off," was the cry of the time, and so great was the popular indignation that Bacon was directed by the King to compose a "Declaration" setting out the crimes Ralegh was supposed to have committed.

But this "Declaration" had little effect on the public mind. Ralegh, the autocratic courtier, was forgotten. Ralegh the national hero remained; Ralegh, whose life had been spent in fighting against Spanish pretensions to sole dominion in the New World; Ralegh who stood for the freedom of the seas and for the independence and greatness of England; Ralegh, whose dauntless courage and dignity in the hour of death exalted him as a martyr in the cause of English liberties.

James I might, in his wise folly, condemn Ralegh's "History of the World" for its "sauciness" in censuring Princes, but among its enthusiastic admirers were those—Hampden and Cromwell, for example—who would carry this "censure" to the extreme rebellion.

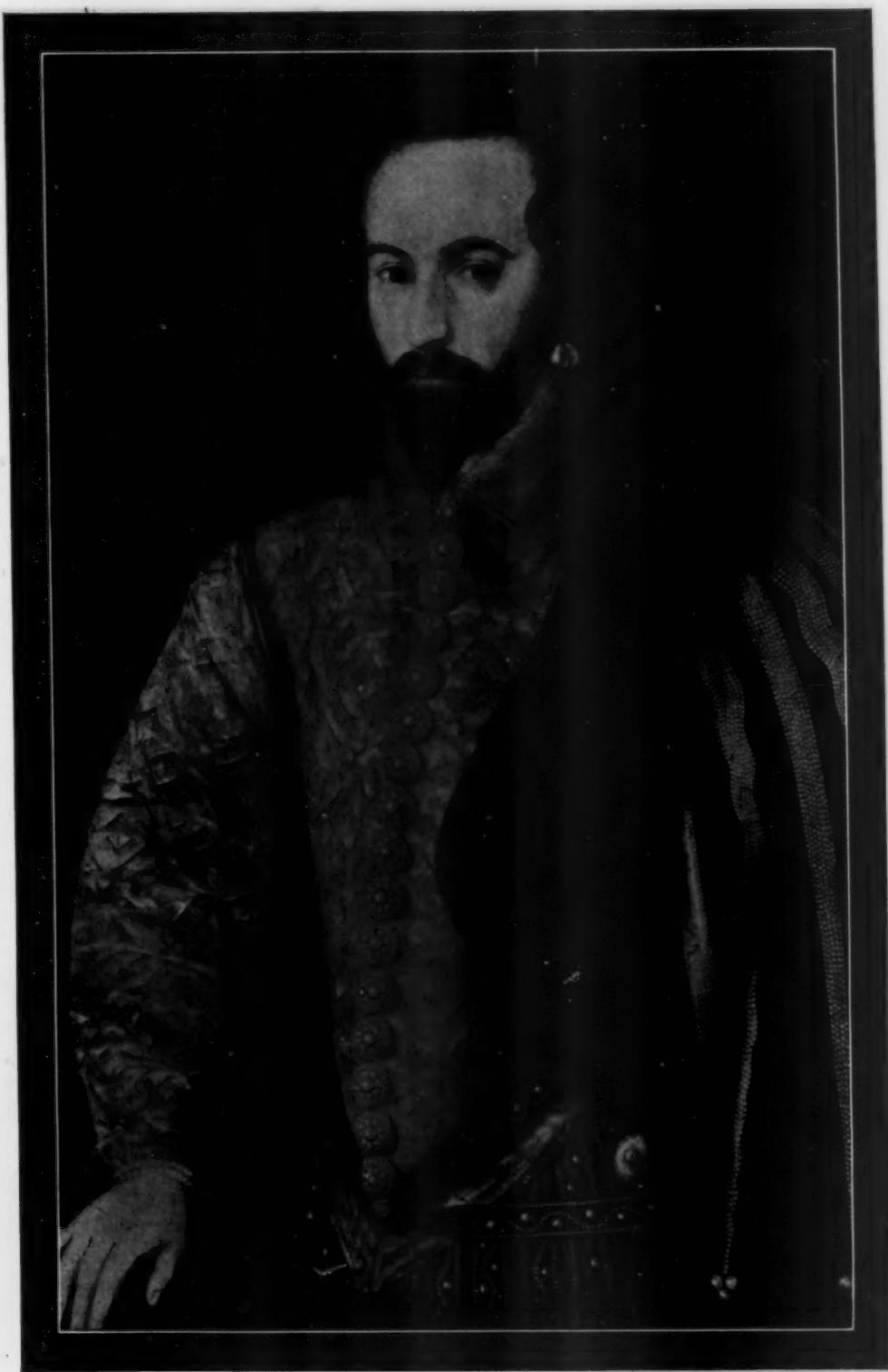
But Ralegh had an influence that reached far further than thirty or forty years after his execution. It was his ambition to give his Sovereign in permanent possession "a better Indies than the King of Spain hath any." And to him belongs the credit of having been the first of Englishmen to point the way to the creation of an Empire over the seas.

His persistent and costly efforts to found a colony in Virginia may have been a failure, but the seed he had planted was to blossom into the Greater Britain we know to-day.

And one may also still find a salutary moral in his protest to James: "If it may not be lawful for Your Majesty's subjects, being forced, to repel force by force, we may justly say, O miserable English."

Supplement to the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR WALTER RALEGH



Our first Empire-builder

RACING

Mysteries of the Nurseries

By David Learmonth

THE coming of September opens a definite phase in the Flat Racing season. To begin with it marks the time when fillies come into their own, and it saddles backers with baffling perplexities in the shape of Nursery Handicaps.

Moreover, the running of the Gimcrack Stakes has reminded racing folk that their pet reforms are as yet unaccomplished; for, at the Gimcrack Dinner later on, one is often treated to a considered pronouncement from an authoritative source which forces us into the belief that nothing is ever perfect.

Thus, in the 'eighties, it was the Gimcrack speech of Lord Durham that caused the famous libel action which ended in the downfall of Sir George Chetwynd. Lord Durham was disgusted with the morals of the turf at the time, which had, indeed, reached a low ebb. Archer had committed suicide a year or so before and Charles Wood had become champion jockey. He had amassed an immense fortune and rumours about his transactions and also those of Sir George Chetwynd, whose horses he rode, were rife.

Challenge to a Duel

Lord Durham's speech was so outspoken that Chetwynd challenged him to a duel, a challenge which the former rightly refused. There was considerable haggling between various parties until eventually, after a meeting of the whole of the Jockey Club, Chetwynd was given the option of taking legal action or resigning.

The case was referred to arbitration, which permitted evidence to be taken on oath, and the Stewards of the Jockey Club were appointed as arbitrators. For a time it looked as though Lord Durham might fail to prove his allegations; but eventually Chetwynd's case collapsed and he won only one of the issues on a technical point for which he was awarded the contemptuous damages of one farthing. This, of course, finished his racing career. Wood, was warned off the turf, though he was re-instated some years later and rode a Derby winner afterwards, and one of the most unsavoury of all racing scandals came to a close.

It is a queer coincidence that the Gimcrack Stakes, which provides at the subsequent dinner an opportunity for making suggestions for turf reform should be run just before the beginning of the Nursery Handicaps; for few races have lent themselves to so much trickery as these two year old affairs.

Nor, possibly, has any class of event recoiled so often on the heads of the clever brigade. They have "readied" a youngster throughout the season only to find that one or more fellows of the same kidney have been doing exactly the same thing and to even better purpose.

So far as the public is concerned it would be well advised to steer clear of these events altogether. To begin with, in many cases the distances will be further than the maximum of six furlongs so far permitted. It is impossible with the aid of the form book alone to say what an animal which has never exceeded this distance will do over a mile.

Moreover, even trainers are misled over the staying powers of their animals, because home gallops, in spite of every precaution to ensure that a true pace is set, often fail to discover weak spots which become only too evident in a race.

Handicaps are always dangerous vehicles for speculation. I remember the late Mr. P. P. Gilpin advising backers to cut them out altogether. How much more dangerous must they be when the form of the animals over the distance is unknown.

The extra distance plays into the hands of the unscrupulous trainer. He cannot be convicted of malpractice on account of a horse's improvement in form over a longer course, whereas, if the maximum distance were confined to six furlongs he might well be asked very awkward questions.

In fact the whole position of Nursery Handicaps calls for review. Admittedly they encourage sharp practices. Do they possess any advantage which justifies their continuation?

A Debatable Point

So far as the increased distance is concerned; this is merely a logical rule to keep pace with the youngsters' development. In the earlier part of the season it would be obviously injurious to run two-year-olds over a mile. After September 1st it is considered that the juveniles are developed enough to compass this distance without detriment—a very debatable point—and it is thought only fair that owners of stayers which had not quite the speed to win sprint races should be given a chance of picking up stakes.

So far so good. But why complicate the situation by handicaps? The official answer is again financial. It is hard on an owner of a youngster not good enough to win a weight for age event if he has to keep it until it is three years old before he can enter it in a handicap.

Unfortunately the Nurseries are not always employed for this estimable purpose, but are exploited as happy hunting grounds by gamblers who contrive to get a selling plater's weight on a first class animal. The position in selling nurseries is, if anything, worse.

The situation, of course, revives the whole controversy about two-year-old racing. To my mind it would be better for the public and also for the English Thoroughbred if two-year-old racing were prohibited until September, as it is in France, and were then confined to weight for age events over a maximum of six furlongs.

Captain Blackler's Last Command

By Kenneth Bradshaw

CAPTAIN WILLIAM BLACKLER, R.D., C.B.E., R.N.R. (rtd.), one time commander of the world's crack liner, stood petrified, and the blood ebbed from his once weather-tanned cheeks as he read the letter. Then lifting his tortured eyes, he stood gazing unseeing through the window at the sea on which for many long years he had guided many a noble ship. The letter slipped to the floor. It was from his old company, the Saturn Steam Navigation Company, informing him that after his years of forced idleness they had a berth for him at last, not, as he had half hoped, to take his old ship the *Levantic* to return to her old ocean run—but to Kobe to be broken up for scrap by Japanese shipbreakers.

Did they know what they were asking? The *Levantic* and he had practically grown up together. Years ago he had seen her conceived in the shipping offices, then born of steel and timber and delivered in the Queen's Island Yards. He had taken her all fresh and gleaming on her maiden voyage—a voyage which astounded the world—and ever since, and during the war when she acted as a transport and evaded many a German mine, he had commanded and loved her until bad trade and the shipping depression had driven him into forced retirement and his ship far up the silent reaches of a deep Northern estuary, where among many others of her kind in that graveyard of British ships, her pride lay humbled, her old power impotent.

Ship and man had aged together; the ship's paint cracking and peeling with the years, the brave hues of her funnels fading, the rust creeping like some cancerous growth over her mighty hull; the captain's skin growing more wrinkled and his hair as white as the foam which once leapt so bravely from his ship's bows. And now they asked him to take her—to death in Japan.....

Ships That Never Come

Regretfully he accepted and went to Liverpool to conclude formalities and sign the necessary papers. In Canning Place and round the Custom House hundreds of workless officers and seamen were standing about, shabby, hungry, waiting for the ship which never came; wondering at this economic gale, which they could not weather, and which had come out of the blue and wrecked them they knew not why. Hundreds of them, among them many liner commanders, master mariners and officers, clamoured and fought for the privilege of sailing in the *Levantic* as firemen, trimmers or deckhands. Some of them were taken on.

And then one chill day the *Levantic*, her sirens wailing, steamed down the estuary between the long funeral lines of laid-up shipping, past a couple of incoming foreign vessels weighed down

to the water line, past the stricken town, the derelict piers, shipyards and dockyards, out past the Bar to the open sea.

Captain Blackler pacing the bridge felt her shudder slightly as she met once again after many years the embrace of the open sea. Somehow she did not seem her old self. Something strange about her. They had freshened her up with a coat of paint and that seemed as indecent as rouging and painting a corpse on the burial eve. The small crew sensed this strange something too. Her days of glory were over and now like a weary woman she was going resigned to her death.

"She's Got Guts"

South of Ushant she ran into terrific seas, but won through bruised and wounded, the white salt all dry on her funnels, plates wrenched, woodwork creaking. "But she's got guts in her yet," thought Blackler proudly, as he peered at the sea through his binoculars—the same binoculars presented to him years before for gallantry in Japan. In those days his cabin had been filled with such things: presentation gifts, medals and awards and decorations from all parts of the world, signed photographs of the many famous people who had sailed with him and dined at his table, and the photograph of his son, a middy, killed at Jutland, and of his wife, who died a few years after.

Lumbering southwards they passed a Greek tramp which had for years sailed under the Red Ensign but was now threatening to drive the ensign from the seas. On the horizon a German vessel was heading south for the African trade, and then one day a cruising liner, all gay with flags and music passed. She was the old *Morantic* once on the same ocean run as the *Levantic*, and as she passed, her sirens thundered a mighty farewell.

Soon the *Levantic* was slipping through clear blue tropic seas, all aflicker with sunshine and alive with flying fish which went flitting and skimming over the waves like midget silver airplanes. The Captain watched them, recalling how years before as a smart young apprentice, bright in brass buttons, he had tried to catch one in a basin held from an open port and had succeeded. His mind these last few days had been strange. Something was happening to it, for the past seemed clearer and sharper to him than the present. Maybe it was the unaccustomed heat of the tropics. The days were one vast glare, the nights one long agony. The stars were like fallen blossoms on a meadow of purplish-indigo, and the moon hung like a fruit.

As the days went on the crew were muttering that the heat must have gone to the Old Man's head or something and that anyway he was past this game, but they humoured him, understanding, they thought, all that he must feel, but they understood nothing of what was going on in that brain. The ship had twice broken down and as she toiled

across the boiling wastes of the Indian Ocean, the captain in the immense loneliness of that sea, somehow felt his dead wife and son to be near to him..... The brave, fine days flashed like fire in his mind, those days when no ship, British or foreign, could touch his for speed or splendour. It was all gone.

He was now considered half crazed, but they humoured him, letting him wander as had lately become his wont in the deserted great rooms of the ship, rooms once aglitter with magnificence and ringing with the laughter of women and men, now deathstill, stripped, dismantled, rotting. He stumbled through the vast dining saloon where his commander's table used to stand by the marble colonnade by the musicians' gallery. It was now a tomb, empty, hollowing, echoing. Panting, he laboured up the great stairway, roaming like a returned ghost through each room in turn, through what had once been the Tudor smokeroom, the cocktail bars, the drawing room, the nurseries, the palm courts. What had once been scenes of luxury, gaiety and laughter, was now dark, dumb, ravaged, finished.

Loud rang his footsteps in the naked and dismantled lounge. It was here where in former times he used to chat and joke with notabilities and diplomats from all parts of the world; where amidst scenes of splendour a great Japanese nobleman had presented him with an engraved case of binoculars for his bravery when he rescued the crew of a Japanese liner in a typhoon; and it was here where some years ago he had bade farewell to his as-

sembled crew, who as a last parting gift of affection had presented him with an oil-painting of the *Levantic*. Memories invaded him. It was too much. Gulping, he staggered blindly out, back to his cabin.

The old *Levantic* laboured on, and was now on the last stage of her last journey to Kobe and death at the hammers of the shipbreakers.

One night when the Japanese coast lights were already visible and the sea heaved livid under a sickly moon, he mounted slowly to the Boat Deck. It was here where every Sunday morning in the old days he had conducted the ship's Divine Service. How the salt breeze used to flutter the hymn sheets, and carry the music over the water! By the rail, he stood, gazing down at the waves. Suddenly the *Levantic*'s sirens split the air with thunder. Like an immense wail, like a loud cry of anguish, the sound echoed and died. There was a splash. Then a deeper silence brooded over the eastern sea. * * *

They never discovered how it happened but Captain Blackler was seen no more. Months later, some miles from the shipbreaking yards where the *Levantic*'s pride now lay humbled, reduced to a mass of rusting scrap, an empty binocular case was washed ashore. The sea-stained lettering read: "Presented by the Japanese Government to William Blackler, Master S.S. *Levantic*, for gallantry and good seamanship in his rescue of the passengers and crew of the steamer *Orima Maru*, October 1st, 1912."

In Munich To-day

By Horace Wyndham

IF Ludwig I—during the intervals of amorous dallings with Lola Montez, writing alleged "poetry," and setting up temples and columns in all directions—"made" Munich, it is Adolf Hitler who has lifted the City from the morass into which, before his coming, it had sunk. Everywhere one sees his stalwarts, striding along in brown shirts and red-banded képis. They keep order; and, what is equally important, they also keep their temper.

But good manners are part and parcel of the Munich code. War wounds are forgotten. Instead of rancour, the pink of politeness, at any rate to the visitor from another country. *Bitte schön* is on the tip of every tongue. Cabmen and porters express fervent thanks for a microscopic *trinkgeld*; and the policemen click heels and salute in response to a question. If a foreigner—especially an Englishman—is to be served, nothing is too much trouble for the average Münchener. No sour looks. Even the dachshunds wag their tails in friendly fashion.

As in Copenhagen, the popular mode of transport in Munich is a bicycle. Judging from the number of them, there must be one for every man, woman, child, dog, and cat in the town; and pedestrians have to stand at the street corners,

where they assemble in groups, waiting for the procession to pass. Still, the traffic is well controlled.

Despite the repercussions of the war, the Bavarian capital would appear to be flourishing commercially. The dole does not exist; nobody resembling a beggar is to be encountered; the shopkeepers rub their hands and smile; the theatres and cinemas and cafés are in full blast, packed to the doors with a throng bent on enjoying themselves; and every evening enough beer is drunk in the Kaufinger Strasse to float a battleship. Nobody, however, is any the worse for it.

Colour and life and movement everywhere in Munich. To English eyes, perhaps, many of the passing throng resemble figures of fun. Thus, the streets swarm with stout Bavarians, in jackets of comic cut and attenuated length, feathered hats, and leather shorts; others in plus-fours and plus-fives; and damsels, off on a *wandefahr*, loaded like pack mules with sustenance and camping-kit. In Maximilians-Platz they are—except by ill-bred tourists—held to be a matter of course.

A pleasant city in which to linger. The sun sets behind the oaks in the Englischer Garten.

All quiet on the Munich front.

Too Much By-Passing

By Ralph Harold Bretherton

IPASSED from the square of the riverside town into a lane that dipped sharply between walls. Where the walls ended the roadway, such as it was, petered out on shingle that had been bared by the tide, and there I found myself under the bows of a motor-ship which, although of no great size, looked tall as she lay high-and-dry by a wharf. The other way I looked towards three more motor-ships and some barges lying at their berths, and on the wall near by me I read the strange boat-names which Dutch sailors had painted in black. Just a turn which curiosity first bid me take some years ago had brought me down into a little harbour which is hidden on one side by buildings and on the other by the osiered ait which cuts it off from the main stream of the river.

The Lure of the Distant

As I dallied on the bottom of the backwater, the sound came to me of motor-cars hurrying through the town in search of distant interest. And there are many folk who live near this inland harbour that has a touch of the sea, and yet they have never seen it, perhaps hardly know of it. So soon as they are out of their gates they get awheel, and then it is good-bye to the lesser ways. If they can, they avoid towns with their alleys and courts, and look for a by-pass when spires and clustered roofs and chimneys come into the scene. All that is tantalising to me when I am taken for a ride. I have no love for new arterial roads, and I like pottering about a place. If I know it, I want to see familiar corners again. If I do not know it, I have an itch to explore. And there is hardly a high street through which I care to be driven without a stop. I would tarry a while and join the throng and watch the business. If I say so, I am probably severely snubbed. What a fellow I am to think that there is anything to see! There is nothing. The town's a dreadful hole, and the High Street is best left behind. So it is as we race on, and I am afraid that I ungratefully expect disappointment when friends offer me a run.

Back in the spring someone said that he would drive me to Brighton. I was hoping—childishly, perhaps—that when we were there we should get out and go on the beach, but we were no sooner in the town than we switched away at full speed along the cliff high above the water. As we neared Newhaven I promised myself a sight of ships, but we switched left once more and never saw the harbour. We headed towards Lewes, and I wanted to see that little town again, but we did not reach it. Suddenly we turned away and gave it a miss. For all that we covered many miles of lovely country, I could not help thinking that by following the rule of by-passing we denied ourselves much that was interesting—the old music of the waves, the picture of a port, and the jolly intimacy of a country town. I am quite certain that I should have not missed these things if I had been afoot. By-passes would have had no lure for me. Rather,

I should have followed the roads that went somewhere.

At another time this same friend took me around Cirencester instead of through it. The noble tower of the church called to us, but he knew of a better road, and my heart sank as Cirencester fell away to the right. To come near that little town and then turn from it seemed to me folly and discourtesy, although a motorist might think it good road sense. Fortunately my friend lost his way coming back, and he plumped right into Cirencester. He spoke as if it were a silly thing to have done, at a time when the street was full of motor-coaches and people, but I was delighted as I looked about me. Wasn't Cirencester always worth seeing?—I asked. He wasn't so sure about that when you had to drive through. He preferred the open road.

You may not be interested in towns. You may never want to see where a narrow turning leads or wonder what is at the back of things. Then I give you joy of your car, which will certainly carry you far over the hills. But I, alas! have a vulgar taste, not only for high streets, but also for alleys and lanes. I want to survey a town when I come into it. I would wander into as many corners as I can. For that reason I am not always thankful when anyone offers to motor me over. I know what it means. Much that I would seek of ways that can be taken easily only afoot will be forbidden me because I am car-tied. True, the car can be parked, but what a bother that is! It lessens both time and opportunity in a town. Moreover, cars are bulky litter in a place; you have it on your conscience when you leave them about, for they somehow make their parks dreary sights in towns that are otherwise bright and cheerful. And, again, I do want to see which way this or that turning goes. It is of no use telling me that I don't and then whisking me by at forty miles an hour.

Surprises Down the Lane

We who would rather walk than ride may not cover many miles, but we poke about, and often we can tell the motorist of places and things that he never sees for all his many outings. As a rule we know the towns much better than he does, for he follows just one road through them or by-passes them altogether if he can. That by-passing habit surely suggests that folk awheel would rather miss places than see them. There are some fine by-passes round about where I live, great new roads made for speed, but every one of them is dull, without feature or interest. Yet down a lane into which a motorist would not care to take his car I may come afoot to the river-bed and mouch around under the bows of ships. I like that better than racing over the concrete from one petrol station to the next. Give me by-ways, not by-passes.

Inner History of Prohibition

TO the average Anglo-Saxon the psychology of the Americans is a bewildering thing.

We cannot understand a great and sane mass of men and women, not so very different, after all, from ourselves, submitting to such a wild experiment as that described by Mr. Whipple in his book "Noble Experiment" (Methuen, 5s. net). One would have thought that anyone who could have seen even a little way ahead would have been able to appreciate the inevitable revolt against a piece of legislation so flagrantly opposed to individual liberties.

This book gives us the story of Prohibition in America. Mr. Whipple traces its origin from Mrs. Nation's early campaign against saloons in the "dry" State of Kansas. That there should have been such things as saloons, trading quite openly, in a State which had been dry for nineteen years, had not apparently been noticed by the State officials. It was, in fact, not until Carrie Nation drew attention to the fact by descending on one and breaking it up with her little hatchet, that the eyes of officialdom were opened to the flagrant abuse of the law.

Twenty-one years later, the famous Eighteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution came into force, and the manufacture, sale, or transport of liquor became illegal. The twenty-one years was a period of political agitation and a gradual process of Congressional intimidation through the threat of voting power, not so very unlike the political blackmail exercised by the American Legion over the question of war pensions. Congressmen were panicked into voting dry by the activities of the Anti-Saloon League, the babe which had been fostered in the cantankerous bosom of Carrie Nation.

Boot-legging Begins

Mr. Whipple describes the first two or three years of prohibition as a period of quiet self-denial on the part of the great majority of citizens and of organisation of the huge smuggling interests which were later to become so great a feature in American national life. Gradually, however, all this disappeared. The change of heart of the great mass of people began to make itself felt and the demand for liquor became so great that the huge illicit organisations for boot-legging became an accepted fact. Some of the blame for this swing-over must be laid at the door of the Dry organisations and the disgraceful behaviour of Prohibition agents, who were at times little short of cold-blooded murderers, but the great bulk was undoubtedly due to the craziness of the original legislation and the utter impossibility of its enforcement.

The next eight years of Prohibition reads rather like a ghastly nightmare. America was torn by gangster rule with its attendant abuses. Drink there was in abundance for all who wanted it and, while some was good, most of it was undoubtedly poisonous. Mr. Whipple quotes figures giving the result of tests on alcoholic samples and describes, with a damning pen, some of the physical

results of this doped drink. He describes also many of the illicit organisations for ensuring the distribution of alcohol throughout the nation and one is left marvelling at the huge volume of corruption and graft which was necessary to ensure immunity from the law.

The portraits of such men as "Scarface" Al Capone, "Bugs" Moran, "Legs" Diamond and George Remus are vivid and arresting. Mr. Whipple shatters the aura of romance which has surrounded these notorious figures and reveals them in the disreputable and true light.

Mr. Whipple leads gradually up to the inevitable repeal of the Amendment. Here his description is quiet and graphic and his description of the present day liquor arrangements is lucid and interesting.

So ended this "noble," yet tragic, experiment. In its wake it has left a trail of physical and social wreckage unparalleled in modern history—fourteen years of moral degradation which cost the United States \$500,000,000 in expenses and resulted in a loss of revenue of no less than \$5,000,000,000.

Air Warfare

THE ideal form for a history of the work of the flying services during the war of 1914 has not yet been discovered. The larger histories fail to cover the tactical details of air fighting—which are themselves of absorbing interest—and the shorter ones fail to give an adequate picture of strategical developments. Mr. R. H. Kiernan's book, "The First War in the Air" (Peter Davies, 5s.), is extraordinarily interesting when it deals with the personalities and achievements of some of the great air fighters, but it does not give a complete picture, even in outline, of the general strategical situation. On the contrary, it accepts the popular view that the policy of continuous offensive patrol, as adopted by the British air command, was the only right policy, and pays little heed to the criticism directed against it.

General Groves has pointed out the powers of strategical bombing, or the bombing of objectives behind the lines, and has reminded us that it was not used extensively in the war. Daylight demonstration sums up the British policy at that period. The air effort was mainly concentrated upon maintaining relays of fighting aeroplanes on the enemy side of the lines and upon bringing all hostile machines to combat. The cost in men and material of this policy was enormous, and it is a question if it secured commensurate practical results.

Apart from its treatment of strategical questions, "The First War in the Air" is a valuable concise history. Mr. Kiernan is the author of a book about Captain Ball which I regard the best book that has appeared upon the subject, and I think his aptitude is for dealing with people rather than policies. With a few touches he can depict a Gwynemer or a Boelcke or a McCudden, and, so doing, can throw light upon their characters.

Crime in India

SOCIAL customs, attitudes of mind, beliefs and institutions and economic conditions have their effect, all the world over, either in producing the incentive to crime or in reducing its incidence.

In India, which is primarily an agricultural country, the crime barometer is annually greatly affected by the character of the rain-bringing Monsoon: if the rainfall is sufficiently abundant and the resulting harvest is good, the crime barometer sets "fair"; if, on the other hand, the Monsoon fails to come up to expectations, the almost certain result is an increase in crime.

India, too, is industrially backward and in the few cities where industry is carried on on any large organised scale the conditions under which the labouring classes live as a rule—there are, of course, notable exceptions—tend to make pay-days and holidays an opportunity for finding undesirable forms of relaxation from a depressing, monotonous existence.

Then, again, customs such as child marriage, the prohibition of widow re-marriage, the giving of marriage dowries, and the preference for the male over the female child are all responsible for a fairly regular quota to the annual crime list.

Religion's Sanction

Religion also, curiously enough, in India sometimes even to-day plays its part in crime. And this does not apply only to such extraordinary manifestations as anarchist outrages and human sacrifices.

As Mr. Bejoy Shanker Haikerwal points out in an admirable survey of the "Economic and Social Aspects of Crime in India" (George Allen and Unwin, 10/-), so strong is religion's hold upon the masses that practically nothing can be said to be outside its sphere.

Thus offences against sex, addiction to wine, and even robbery have sought its protection, and have been sanctioned by rites and observances which still survive here and there.

Perhaps, however, the greatest peculiarity about Indian crime is the presence in the country of what are known as criminal tribes and castes—computed to number some four millions—to whom crime is an hereditary calling with an elaborate code of discipline and even rituals. Mr. Haikerwal gives some interesting particulars about the varying methods of these law-breakers and of the "fixed principles" upon which they act, not being conscious, when pursuing their "calling," of any moral depravity on their part.

For many years these tribes and castes were considered irreclaimable. But official and non-official agencies—particularly the Salvation Army—have proved of late years that, given facilities for training and opportunities for honest employment, the hereditary criminal is quite capable of becoming a reformed character.

The complete reformation of these tribes and castes will, however, as Mr. Haikerwal says, hardly be accomplished till Hindu society revises its notions about "untouchability."

Mr. Haikerwal devotes much of his space to criticism of the administration of criminal justice.

The Country Lover

OF night watchmen, vagrant Professors, Anglo-Saxon history, country lore, old Uncle Will Cobbett and all manner of other things you will read in Mr. James Turle's "The England I Love Best" (Constable & Co., 7s. 6d., with wood engravings by Eileen Turle). It is a charmingly discursive account of what is to be found when tramping abroad in parts of Sussex, Hampshire, Dorset, Somerset, Devon and Cornwall.

To appreciate the country properly, he insists you must take to the fields and paths, not fly through it in cars or trains, though even he, to be sure, had at times on his pilgrimage to resort both to occasional lifts in cars and to the railway. Not everyone, perhaps, will encounter the kind of wayfarer that Mr. Turle seems fated to meet wherever he goes—the kind, that is, who appears to be a veritable storehouse of curious information and so willingly to deliver "the goods" when asked. But what of that? The main thing is that Mr. Turle's book makes the most enjoyable and instructive reading.

Live Stock Versus Wheat

IN "Land Everlasting" (John Lane, 7s. 6d.), Mr. A. G. Street is mainly concerned in proving that agricultural policy that is founded on East Anglian contentions that wheat is more important or even as important as live stock in farming economy is hopelessly wrong.

As far back as 1925, he argues, live stock brought in more than 70 per cent. of the farmer's income, and market-garden produce more than 14 per cent., whereas all grain produced only 10 per cent. of farmers' takings. "When a farmer takes the town consumer's money for wheat or sugar beet, he is not giving his town cousin a square deal."

Mr. Street is himself a live stock farmer and he admits that he may be prejudiced, but he certainly puts his case vigorously and well. He also provides the townsman, who wishes to understand the various problems connected with farming to-day, plenty of material for forming his own conclusions.

For Dog Owners

AN extremely informative little volume is "Popular Dog Keeping" (Link House, 2s.) by J. Maxtee which has been revised and brought up to date by Capt. H. E. Hobbs, the founder of the popular "Tail-Waggers Club." Both these dog lovers pass on the benefit of their experience and study of canine well-being and psychology in a form which makes interesting as well as instructive reading. Mr. Maxtee points out many people acquire a special breed of dog because it is the "fashion" without having any knowledge of the training of an intelligent and often highly sensitive animal. To such especially should this little book appeal, but it is recommended to everyone who loves a dog.

Woe to the Vanquished

ONE of the greatest changes in the map of Europe owing to the War, was the disappearance of the Dual Monarchy or, as it was often called, the Habsburg Empire. Indeed, the alterations of frontiers in Central Europe made in 1918-19, were so tremendous that some effort is now needed to recall what that term meant, namely, the combination of Austria and Hungary, under an Emperor, who ruled over an extensive area with a population of upwards of fifty millions, and held a most prominent, if not a commanding, position in the high politics of the world.

Various causes brought about the fall of the Habsburg Empire, and there is just published, a very interesting and extremely well-written work, entitled "Vae Victis" by John Presland (Hodder and Stoughton, 18s.), which takes us back to the critical time when there was revealed that essential weakness in the highly composite Austro-Hungarian State which, more than anything else, led to its ruin: its utter lack of homogeneity.

After Sadowa

To disclose or discuss this is, however, not the main object of this book, which has, as its subtitle, "The Life of Ludwig von Benedek, 1804-1881," and it provides a really fascinating, sympathetic and yet discriminating biography, fully documented, of the soldier, now almost forgotten, who played for years a leading part in the Dual Monarchy. After a fairly long run of success, Benedek lost everything but life as the result of the defeat of the Austro-Hungarian armies he commanded in the battle of Königgrätz, or Sadowa, in 1866.

As is pretty clear now, that disaster settled the fate of the Dual Monarchy. As the star of Prussia rose, that of Austria set. But Bismarck was wise enough to make the situation so little hard for his beaten foe, that before long, Austria threw in her lot with Germany. For some time she prospered, and even extended her territory, but she crashed in the War, and in the end ceased to exist as a State. Had she conquered at Königgrätz, there would be, in all probability, a very different story to tell, not only of herself, but of Europe too.

While the expression *Vae Victis* applies to the Habsburg Empire, the author of this work applies it rather to the personal fate of Benedek. It was against Benedek's will—he was in poor health at the time—that, at the repeated requests of the Emperor, Francis Joseph, he took the chief command in the war with Prussia. But loyalty to the Throne was his religion, and he yielded. It seems that it was at the direct bidding of the Emperor that he fought at Königgrätz and against his own judgment. He lost—and was made the scapegoat. He never gave Francis Joseph away, and was repaid for his silence by being discredited and practically exiled. He lived for fifteen years after the battle in obscurity and penury.

It would be doing a grave injustice to this admirable book not to mention that there is woven into it a beautiful love story—I have never come across a finer: the story of Benedek and his wife Jule von Woyna.

R. M.

A Journalist's Japan

IT is seriously to be doubted whether a journalist is the right person to write a book which purports to explain the soul of an Eastern people. Criticism at its best is solely comparative, and the man who writes of the Orient with a Western bias for all his thoughts and opinions is using a gauge which will not give true results.

The only people who can honestly "explain" Japan to us are the Japanese; unfortunately even their greatest authors and individualists are so saturated with the national spirit that anything they chose to write for foreign enlightenment would not be wholly free from self-admiration, which is the keynote of this remarkable nation.

Mr. Julian Grande, who has for many years acted as correspondent for English and American papers, tells us in his latest study ("Japan's Place in the World," Herbert Jenkins, 7/6) that the chief prejudice is the racial one; that the Japanese, like the Chinese, does not hide his contempt for the "red-faced barbarian."

Yet the author, in upholding this inverted inferiority complex as a virtue fails to emphasise that the whole of Japanese life in the cities and towns is one rapid imitation of Western principles and ideas.

We can have little sympathy with the pupil who absorbs the brain of his master and then feigns to scorn him, although it was a maxim of the Greeks that men grow to hate those who put them under an obligation.

Those who have lived in the East will find much with which to disagree in Mr. Grande's book, and will perhaps consider that he has dwelt too much upon the bogey of racial dislike.

The truth is that the educated Chinese and Japanese do not hate or even despise educated foreigners; their resentment is merely confined to Western interference, a word which lends itself to interpretation according to the conscience or imagination of the reader.

Platitudes

This book is full of platitudes, such as "China still lives and leans upon her past, passionately attached to her traditions," a statement which, when challenged by the industrialisation of towns in the interior and the growth of educational progress in the rural areas, savours of an opinion gleaned from old-fashioned travel books or from casual residence in the Treaty Ports.

It is evident that Mr. Grande does not know his Far East as intimately or as accurately as the late Putnam Weale, and there is more truth in two pages of "Good Earth" or the other of Pearl Buck's novels, than is contained in the whole of Mr. Grande's chapter on "China."

The author's comments on Japan and the International situation, especially as regards her attitude to the League, are based upon personal knowledge gained during his journalistic activities, and as such are worthy of attention. Had he confined himself solely to this aspect of the Japanese situation, his book would have been a more useful contribution to the plethora of Oriental bibliography at which he rather unnecessarily sneers in his introduction.

Shorter Notices

Monarchy or Money Power

MESSRS. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE have just brought out a second edition, revised and enlarged, at 6s., of Mr. R. McNair Wilson's "Monarchy or Money Power." An entirely new section is devoted to President Roosevelt's policy, in which the author sees an attempt to give to the world "the blessing of national control of the price level." The object of the book is to combat the idea that democracy and dictatorship are the only methods of government available to men and to prove that a third choice remains, namely Christian Monarchy.

"The sole guarantee," says Mr. McNair Wilson, "which men can have of their civilisation is the spirit which, in the beginning, called that civilisation into being and gave form, in the first instance, to its lively organs. We, in England, possess still the inestimable blessing of a Christian Monarchy. How much we owe to that Monarchy is but little understood by the mass of the people, for the truth about the Nineteenth Century has not yet emerged.

The author contends that both modern democracy and dictatorships are founded on a "pagan faith" of rationalism, with the Money Power constituting "a kind of priesthood of the pagan God." The ideal he puts forward is, he claims, not so grotesque as some people might think it to be in this modern world; it is far "less grotesque than the spectacle now presented by the Kingdom of Mammon, wherein every new exhibition of man's power to make use of the resources of God is attended by fresh calamity and ruin and where each addition to the wealth of humanity adds inevitably to the number of the destitute."

A Sikh Christian Preacher

The Rev. C. F. Andrews, who had known Sadhu Sundar Singh for many years before the latter's reported death in Tibet in 1929, has just written a memoir of this remarkable man. ("Sadhu Sundar Singh," Hodder and Stoughton, 8/6). Sundar Singh was a Sikh and a Sadhu (ascetic) before he was converted to Christianity, and he retained the title of Sadhu after his conversion. Mr. Andrews also tells us that he practised certain forms of Yoga for his Christian devotions. In India apparently there are still people who believe that Sundar Singh is not dead, but is living somewhere in the vast solitudes of the Himalaya Mountains. Mr. Andrews does not accept that view.

Cambria and the West Country

A most attractive little book called "Westward Ho!" by Stanley R. Baron, has just been published by Messrs. Jarrold at 7s. 6d.

It is the record of a bicycle tour through Wales and the West Country and Wiltshire and Dorset. It is nothing approaching a guide-book or anything like that.

It is an intimate narrative, written by a man with deep knowledge and understanding of the places his pen describes.

There is, in point of fact, a great deal of information about this part of the country, but it is disguised in so attractive a style that it is unobtrusive.

The illustrations by Reg. Gammon are attractive little sketches and blend admirably with the light-heartedness of the text.

Salvage Work at Sea

Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode have brought out a cheap edition of "When Ships Go Down" by David Masters, which they are issuing at 5s. net. At this price, this interesting book is extremely good value, recounting as it does the many epics of salvage work carried out on various wrecked ships. The salving of the German warships at Scapa Flow, the recovery of the bullion of the "Egypt" and many other noteworthy feats of salvage are here recounted, making a book of great interest and value to those who care to read about sea matters.

A Super Guide Book

Those intending, or even wishing, to visit the Châteaux Country could not do better than buy a copy of "Things Seen in the Châteaux Country," by Captain Leslie Richardson (Seeley & Co., 8/6). It is a super-guide book, of a convenient size for fitting into the pocket. Beautifully illustrated, it also contains a practical little sketch map that will enable the sightseer to make the best of the time at his disposal.

The Fourth Dimension

Mr. C. W. R. Hooker, O.B.E., M.A., B.Sc., author of "What is the Fourth Dimension?" (A. & C. Black, Ltd., 5s.) has as his starting point the apparent inadmissibility of our third dimension to a two-dimensional world, and at the outset of the book, the reader is asked to share his reflections on an object no more remote from daily experience than a pair of gloves.

So the investigation proceeds, constantly affording the pleasures of recognition by reference to concrete examples, continually gathering up the threads of an argument, and taking no scientific knowledge for granted. Even facts of the most abstract nature, placed side by side with homely comparisons, take definite shape.

The right and left-handed nature of two gloves of a pair is shown to be reflected throughout the Universe in animal and plant life, and the author suggests possible examples in Nature of accomplishment of movement in the fourth dimension, analogous to that by which, in a four-dimensional world, a left-handed glove would with no distortion assume a right-handed shape.

Here is a gleam of evidence for the concept which might explain scientifically the appearance and disappearance of ghosts—along the fourth dimension—prophetic vision and religious faith in life beyond our own. It is a stimulating and suggestive mental excursion; the author's style has continual humour and literary allusion, while some descriptive phrases have a welcome onomatopoeic quality. An excellent index covers the very wide range of interesting facts the book contains.

A Planned Economy

Columbia University Press has just published an impressive book entitled "Economic Reconstruction" (price three dollars), the Report of the Commission of that university on the only too evident disharmony between production and consumption. The inquiry was suggested by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the President of Columbia, and the Commission was appointed by him before the new deal was begun by Mr. Roosevelt, but his National Recovery Campaign has profoundly influenced the investigations and views of the experts who formed the Commission. They have done their work well.

It may be said at once that the Commission approves generally of President Roosevelt's policies, but condemns them in some particulars, while it goes somewhat farther in others than he does, as, for instance, respecting "social planning." The Report is rather alarmingly professorial in the way it puts things—even quite simple things. Here is an example: "The transition from a scarcity to a plenty economy which modern technological development is effecting raises profoundly important questions for our times." And so on. But none the less the book is valuable, though whether the planned economy of which it treats is capable of realisation on a world scale—for that is the aim—remains a staggering uncertainty.

Evidence of Survival

A plea for open-mindedness among scientists is made by Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., in the chapter he contributes on survival after death to an interesting symposium ("Inquiry into the Unknown," Methuen and Co., 8s. 6d.).

This symposium consists of talks on psychical phenomena given under the auspices of the B.B.C. at the beginning of this year by eminent scientists and members of the Council for Psychical Research.

Latest Fiction

The Man Who Achieved Nothing

SOME men are born to greatness, others achieve it, and a far larger number of others fail to attain to the success that might well have been theirs if they had ordered their lives differently, or had had the character to avoid the pitfalls in their path. Mr. Edward Shanks, in "Tom Tiddler's Ground" (Macmillans, 8/6), chooses his hero from the last class, and traces his progress for us through three decades, taking him from Cornwall to London and to Germany, through the War as a Civil Servant whose health prevented him from fighting, and after it in a highly-paid post as secretary of an important company. Tom Florey, the hero, has both talents and charm; influential people take a liking to him, and women cannot resist him; but his weaknesses are his undoing, and he never seems quite capable of rising to the heights within his reach. Round this vague, slightly unsatisfying hero, Mr. Shanks builds up an interesting tale, with its clear pictures of pre-war, war-time and post-war English and German environment.

Strange Adventures of Solicitor's Clerk

Middle-aged solicitors' clerks, one imagines, do not often indulge in exciting adventures; nor perhaps would they welcome them or adapt themselves to them in the remarkable way in which the good-hearted genial hero of Mr. Victor Canning does in "Mr. Finchley Discovers his England" (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6). Mr. Finchley has not had a day's leave for many years; his imagination can suggest nothing more exciting than Margate when, to his astonishment, he is told he must give up his clerk's work for a time and take a holiday. Then Fate, prompted by Mr. Canning, steps in, makes him take a car ride with a crook and motor bandit, has him imprisoned in a crooks' abode, gets him to rescue both himself and a young lady and lands him in the West of England to pursue other and no less wonderful adventures. All highly improbable, but nonetheless most entertaining.

Dick Turpin and Bonnie Prince Charlie

Miss Beatrice Tunstall in "The Long Day Closes" (Heinemann, 7/6) takes us back to the days of Dick Turpin and Bonnie Prince Charlie and through her knowledge of the period creates for us, with considerable skill, the life of country squires, their friends and servitors in the west Midlands in the mid eighteenth century. It is a tale of high-handed acts, romance and treachery, with the old sombre ancestral mansion, its secret chambers and passages, its haunting legends and its death-dog providing an effective background. Miss Tunstall leaves it to a faithful "serving man and Jack-of-all-trades" to act as narrator with the help of the journal he has dutifully kept, and by this device produces a sense of realism that might otherwise be lacking in a tale of happenings centuries ago.

A Great Biblical Epic

Thomas Mann is a German author whose fame is sufficiently established to need no advertisement. But one cannot help wondering whether his recasting of the old Biblical story of Joseph, his father Jacob and Joseph's brethren has been quite worth all the loving and truly Teutonic labour he has expended upon it. Certainly he has given new life to these old characters and recreated their world for us in a manner to show us that it is not very different from the world we live in and know. And the story as he unfolds it to us—after a portentously long "prelude" concerning the bottomless well of the past, has a genuine epic quality. The first part of his trilogy has just been published by Messrs. Martin Secker in English under the title "The Tales of Jacob" (7/6), the translator, who appears to have performed a difficult task with considerable success, being Mr. H. T. Lowe-Porter.

Detective and Other Mysteries

By RICHARD KEVERNE

LIKE other of his books, Joseph Shearing's "Moss Rose" (Heinemann, 7/6) is founded on, or rather inspired by, a real crime; in this case an unsolved murder mystery some sixty odd years old. Mr. Shearing explains that mystery and gives it a sequel in this very grim and powerful book.

His style is one of the greatest restraint; the long sordid tale moves on to an inevitable tragic end. In Belle Adair, the woman of gentle birth, sunk almost to the lowest depths, he has drawn an unusually strong and ruthless character. She dominates the book as she dominates the wretched German pastor, charged with, but acquitted of, the murder of a worthless woman in a London slum house where Belle was living.

This story of drab crime is nearer the truth than the popular sensation novel, and for that reason it fascinates and disgusts rather than excites. Mr. Shearing, wisely, has not overstressed his period-atmosphere of London and Germany in the late 'sixties, yet he manages to convey a real sense of that fog-ridden, gin-drinking, gas-lighted world.

A Skull in a Bag

By mistake Clay Calthorpe took another man's bag from a Chicago street car and only discovered his error when he opened the bag at home and found it contained a skull, with a bullet hole in it—and the bullet inside. That's how "The Travelling Skull," by Harry Stephen Keeler (Ward Lock, 3/6) opens, and from that opening the reader may well anticipate some queer doings to follow. He will not be disappointed.

The action moves swiftly from strange event to stranger, in good American style, and for a story that professes to do no more than hold your interest and keep you amused with wild and fantastic thrills and mystery, this tale is quite a good one.

Strange Criminal Methods

So is "The Case of the Lucky Legs," by Erle Stanley Gardner (Harrap, 7/6), also American and even more fantastic in its action. The detective here is Perry Mason, a criminal lawyer who has figured in other of Mr. Gardner's books. His methods are, to say the least, curious ones. So are those of the American police with whom he deals. So is the colloquial American language in which the book is written. But the net result is a rather tangled tale that you go on reading to the end. Which is, I suppose, all the author intended it to be.

To Make the Flesh Creep

"Invasion from the Air," by Frank McIlraith and Roy Conolly (Grayson & Grayson, 7/6) calls itself a "Prophetic Novel." As its title implies, it is a story of the next war, and the authors set out to make your blood curdle and your flesh creep. Whether that horrible possibility, with its rain of bombs and poison gas from the sky, will prove more or less ghastly than Messrs. McIlraith and Connolly prophesy, I do not know. But I cannot help feeling that they have either forgotten, or never knew, what happened in the last war. And I wonder if, in other countries, likely to be involved in the next war, sensational, panic-fostering books of this kind are popular? I wonder if they are here.

Mr. Horler on Blackmail

As always Mr. Sydney Horler has evolved a skilful and sensational plot for his "The Prince of Plunder" (Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6). He tells of blackmail on the grand scale, of callous murder incidental to it, and he crashes you through 320 pages of thrilling incident and mystery, to leave you, or me at any rate, wishing that such good sensation had been handled in rather less slap dash manner. For a good story is always worth good telling.

CORRESPONDENCE

Star Turns in the Cabinet Circus

Boneless Wonders of the Tory Party

SIR.—The kite has been flown (not official) that Mr. J. H. Thomas has been over to Ireland offering Mr. De Valera to let them off a large sum of the debt they owe this country and other concessions, and not for one moment is the British taxpayer or the honour of England considered.

It is quite time the Cabinet were given to understand that the people will no longer stand the weak and childish policy they have adopted everywhere to bring ridicule on the country.

I would recommend that both Ramsay MacDonald and J. H. Thomas should run a travelling circus, take the parts of Clown and Pantaloons and engage Mr. Baldwin to beat the big drum for them, an occupation more suited to their intelligence, capacity and understanding.

The country pays these men large salaries for ignorance, incapacity, and neglect of vital interests of the country and they are totally unfit for the positions they hold. They seem to employ their time scheming how they can give English interests away by pandering to revolutionaries in Ireland and India.

If the Conservative Party do not show more energy and take more interest in the country's affairs they will be remembered at the next election, for never was the Party represented by such a spineless, useless lot of do-nothings as at the present time, for they are neither useful nor ornamental.

VIGILANT.

St. Leonard's-on-Sea.

Conservatives Must Act

SIR.—The Blackshirt policy is, as to nine-tenths of it, that genuine Conservatism originated by Joseph Chamberlain, and it has been adopted by Sir Oswald Mosley simply because a succession of "pink flannelette" Conservative politicians have exchanged real Conservatism for the hybrid variety which Mr. Baldwin has pursued so assiduously, and by which he has already lost two General Elections.

The Conservative Party and the Central Office must be held responsible for the fact that the Blackshirts have stolen the thunder of true Conservatism, for it is certainly not the fault of the Conservative section of the electorate, the largest section in the country, as was proved in the last General Election, that it has been so badly let down by the Free Trade and Socialist elements in the Cabinet.

Unless during the remainder of the life of the present Government Conservatives assert themselves, there will be a débâcle at the next General Election, compared with which Mr. Baldwin's well-deserved 1929 eclipse will seem trivial.

PHILIP H. BAYER.

58, Welbeck Street, London, W.1.

Rushing Indian Reform Through

SIR.—I see various papers are now publishing statements to the effect that there will not be any great interval between the publication of the Joint Select Committee's Report and the production of the Government's Indian Bill.

We are assured that the White Paper proposals were set forth in the form of legal clauses, and that it will not take the Government draughtsmen long to settle the form of the Bill once the Report is out.

The conclusion seems obvious. The Government expect the Committee to endorse their proposals practically wholesale, and Parliament and the country are not to be given any more time than the Government can help for considering the whole question.

The Bill will be drafted and ready and rushed through with as little delay as possible—on the ground that India is so impatient to have it!

Mr. Baldwin will tell his party on October 6th he can say nothing on the subject of India, and when the Conservative meeting is over the Government will quickly produce their Bill, say they cannot alter it, and thus will Mr. Baldwin's pledge be fulfilled of "consulting" his Party!

PUNJABI.

East India United Service Club,
16, St. James' Square, W.1.

Gandhi's Title

SIR.—I was astonished to see in your valuable paper, under the head of "A Convert to Islam," Gandhi described as a Mahatma, as which this arch enemy of the British Empire is doubtless very pleased to pose. But instead of belonging to the Brahmin Caste he is much lower in the Indian social scale.

J. I. RUTHVEN.

Junior Carlton Club.

"Scandal of the Ashes"

SIR.—The conclusion arrived at by "Kim" that the Tests should be allowed to lapse for the present is sound, but one may be permitted to quarrel with his premises. Let us recapitulate the facts. Body-line bowling was first objected to in Australia by Mr. Warner and Jack Hobbs on the grounds that it was not cricket! To his credit Hobbs, like the great sportsman he is, has never retired from this position.

For Mr. Jardine as a great and courageous batsman and a fine leader I have nothing but admiration. Apart from that his cricket activities are wholly mischievous. He objected to the umpires in Australia and disputed their decisions. He quarrelled with the umpires in India and disputed their decisions. He quarrelled with the umpires in Ceylon and disputed their decisions. In Ceylon he provided by his conduct the unheard-of spectacle of the English team being hooted by the native spectators. Since his retirement he has been at great pains to revive ill-feeling between the parties to the body-line controversy. Nor can his attack on young Walters captaincy be easily forgiven him. In face of all this were the selectors expected to go on their knees and plead with him to come back as England's Captain?

As for Larwood, his own outbursts condemn him. So long as he was fit he refused to play, and since, he has not been fit even to play for his County. As for the terms on which the Australians agreed to come at all, there is not so much mystery after all. Anyone who takes the trouble to read the last Australian cable and our reply should be satisfied that in effect they got an assurance against body-line bowling; but they must be read together and read dispassionately.

The players on this tour have remained good friends in spite of the efforts of certain sections of the press. The real tragedy of the tour was the treatment of the Australians by the public at Nottingham. Nothing has ever been seen like it in England before. It was a disgrace to English cricket and in no way to be confounded with the high spirited, if coarse, barracking, of the Hillites in Australia. While such scenes are likely to recur it is better to give the series a rest for a decade or so.

J. B. BROWN.

Waldorf Hotel,
Aldwych, W.C.2.

Facts About "Body-line"

SIR.—I think your contributor "Kim" is a little hard on Australians. May I point out to him that exception was taken by them to the ball pitched short of a good length which flew up shoulder high and was bowled to a packed on-field? This is what they called "body-line"

bowling. Australians have not objected to fair leg theory bowling.

I hold no brief for the Australians, but I cling to the opinion that a batsman like Victor Richardson cannot be wrong. He has said that when he took his ordinary stance at the wicket he found the ball coming on to his body; when he took guard slightly more to the leg-side he still had the ball coming on to him; and with a still wider guard the ball continued to follow him. Your contributor should not lose sight of the fact that protests against a fast bowler exploiting this form of attack have been made by many notable English cricketers. Let us be fair.

J. H. LEA.

123, Kennington Park Road, S.E. 11.

Astrological Predictions

SIR,—Old Moore's principal hieroglyphic for 1934 asserts that December, 1934 will welcome the reign of Peace for the World. And this in spite of Hitler and his Nazis. It would appear from this deduction that England and her Colonies beyond the seas represent Truth, Righteousness, and Freedom. On the other hand, Germans *et omne hoc genus* are the lineal descendants of envious Cain—destroyers of Christian nations.

PAX SUPREMA.

Nassau, Bahamas.

The British Legion

SIR,—As one who enlisted in 1914, I was more than interested to read the article entitled "Whitehall's grip on the British Legion," published in your issue of July 21st last.

What a great pity that more has not been written on similar lines—and written long ago—in order that public opinion could have been mobilised in such a way that the British Legion would have been forced to behave as a body representing the interests of the men who served in the War.

You state that the British Legion only has a membership of some 342,000 out of a potential membership of over three million. Can one be surprised? If the British Legion had put up an energetic fight for the ex-service men during the first few years after the War, every one of the three millions would have joined.

The duties of the British Legion are more than to raise a fund for charitable purposes. The motto of the Legion is "Service."

Although I know nothing other than that which I have read in the Press, it certainly looked to me that the late Editor of the British Legion Journal was prepared to do more for the ex-service man than the Legion itself, and that he was dismissed because he did not follow the British Legion's precedent of apathy.

The strongest wish of every ex-service man is to have a strong and independent Legion. I hope that we may get it.

RONALD BRADEN.

1035a, Finchley Road, London, N.W.11.

Modern Ladies of the Lamp

SIR,—Very few men or women can claim to have been nursed by Miss Florence Nightingale, but I remember the Lady of the Lamp very well indeed.

I am nearly 77 years of age, and have been 25 times an inmate of voluntary hospitals. I was admitted on December 1st, 1868, into the Edward Ward of St. Thomas's Hospital (old Royal Surrey Gardens, Walworth) under the care of the late Professor Samuel Tollys, and detained until November 9th, 1869. Miss Nightingale visited me in the ward during June, 1869, and gave me 2s. 6d. to buy some strawberries. I was at that time 11 years of age.

Florence Nightingale's musical voice and her many acts of kindness still linger in my memory although it was 65 years ago. The spirit of Florence Nightingale is not dead. During the last 48 years King's College Hospital, London, admitted me into their surgical wards on eight occasions for nine serious operations. The staff saved my life in 1887, 1896, and once again in August, 1923; also in 1924 and 1925, operative treatment and

splendid nursing, have saved me from total blindness. I can see to read the *Saturday Review*. I am indeed proud to be a living witness to the efficiency of a great Voluntary Hospital. Modern Ladies of the Lamp are as good and kind as those who attended me in the distant past.

WILLIAM J. L. HOOPER.

*West of England Home for the Blind,
Torr, Plymouth, Devon.*

Cyclists and Road Accidents

SIR,—So many mis-statements as to the conduct of cyclists on the road have been circulated recently that I should welcome an opportunity of presenting the actual facts to your readers as briefly as possible.

Riding Abreast.—It is alleged that cyclists ride three, four, or even more abreast. There is no evidence to bear this out except the statements of casual observers. In 1933 cyclists were involved in 1,625 fatal accidents, but in only eight cases was there any suggestion of riding too many abreast. It is safe to say that the vast majority of cyclists do most of their riding alone. In cycling clubs two abreast is almost the universal formation, and any other couples would naturally and properly ride abreast.

Wobbling.—Cyclists are said to wobble, and it has been suggested that this is a frequent cause of accidents. Wobbling, however, does not figure at all as a contributory factor of fatal accidents in the Ministry of Transport's report for 1933.

Inefficient Reflectors.—The statement that a large proportion of cyclists—Mr. Frank Elliott, the late Assistant Commissioner of Police, has said 90 per cent.—are using rear reflectors which do not comply with the regulations is manifestly untrue. Out of the 1,625 accidents involving cyclists last year, "in only 24 cases" (I quote from the report of the Ministry of Transport) "was the absence of an effective reflector or rear lamp on a pedal cycle assigned as a cause." The tabulated figures show: No reflector, 8; ineffective reflector, 18.

Holding the Handlebar.—Exception is frequently taken to a cyclist removing one hand from the handlebar—e.g., to place it on the shoulder of a companion—and still more to both hands being removed. In some circumstances, as on greasy roads or unrolled stones, it is advisable to keep a firm grip on the handle-bar, but under normal conditions the steering is done automatically by body balance and the handlebar serves chiefly as a rest for the hands. A bicycle without a handlebar was ridden long ago from London to York (nearly 200 miles), and it is not a feat of any difficulty—still less of any inherent danger—to remove one or both hands from the bar.

It is, I hope, unnecessary for me to add that the Cyclists' Touring Club would not countenance or defend any conduct by cyclists which would be injurious to the interests of road safety in general.

G. HERBERT STANCER,
Secretary, Cyclists' Touring Club.

Swimming the Channel

SIR,—I think the public would like to know if the two recent swimmers of the Channel, Mr. E. H. Temme and Frau Emma Faber, had on their accompanying boats any expert independent representatives of the sporting Press.

If they only had friends on board, then their records of having swum the Channel is valueless. It does not matter if any swimmer had a thousand friends on board; any one that attempts to swim the Channel ought to have expert representatives of the sporting press following.

It has always been a mystery to me that the swimmers since Mr. H. Sullivan swam the Channel in 1928, was their great dislike to have representatives of the Press on their following boats. Why is this?

JAMES M. K. LUPTON.

(Following the glut of Channel swimmers in the last few years, the Sporting Press cannot be easily induced to part with its representatives for the purpose of recording this curious pastime.)

THEATRE**CHARACTERS WE ALL
KNOW**

By Russell Gregory

Family Affairs Ambassadors Theatre

By Gertrude Jennings.

I HAVE always had a soft spot for Miss Gertrude Jennings as a playwright since she wrote that charming comedy "The Young Person in Pink." She is a keen observer of the details of middle class life; she can reproduce on the stage with sympathy and humour that faded gentility which one so frequently meets as one goes about one's lawful occasions, and her dialogue is crisp and entertaining. One fault I have always had to find with her. Her female characters are invariably drawn with understanding, but she is inclined to be a trifle heavy handed with her males.

"Family Affairs" is no exception, although it is, in my opinion, the best play Miss Jennings has written so far. Lady Madehurst, who manages her family with a rod of iron concealed beneath a velvet stocking, is a perfectly conceived character. She is a person whom we have all met and loved and hated and obeyed in our time. As played by Miss Lilian Braithwaite she was almost unbelievably real. This is a performance which nobody who loves good acting should miss.

Her blundering but well-meaning sister, Amy Wigmore, has her counterpart in nearly every family which is not ashamed to call itself Victorian. Miss Athene Seyler brought her to life

in the most astonishing way. I wanted to take her home and add her to my collection.

All the subsidiary female parts were firmly sketched in and cleverly acted, but the men simply did not exist in this or any other world. Archibald Batty made the best of a stock character, but Jack Livesay and Eyles Isham had to admit defeat.

Blackbirds of 1934**Coliseum**

I was warned before I went to the Coliseum to discard my ear trumpet and invest in some cotton wool. The fact, therefore, that I left the theatre with a splitting headache was entirely my own fault because I did not take the hint. I have never been so danced at, screamed at, and blared at in my life; it was positively exhausting.

I am not for one moment belittling Mr. Lew Leslie's "Harlem Rhapsody." Some of the dancing was quite brilliant, notably that of Nyas Berry and Peg Leg Bates. The Blackbirds' Choir sang with an enthusiasm and precision which might well serve as a model for some of our English choruses, and the orchestra blew itself well nigh inside out in the most praiseworthy manner.

Valaida, except when she was conducting the Rhapsody in Blue, was disappointing. She lacks personality, and was for the most part inaudible even in the front of the stalls. Tim Moore is an excellent comedian who made the most of very thin material, and the chorus danced itself to a stand-still.

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MUSIC NOTES**ELGAR'S FALSTAFF AT
THE PROMS.**

By Herbert Hughes

AT a Promenade Concert the other evening I found myself discussing Elgar's "Falstaff" with a certain eminent composer. He described the score as enterprising. It was the *mot juste*. We had been listening to some magnificent playing of excerpts from *Der Ring*, and after the interval came this superb music of Elgar, more than holding its own with the most dramatic music ever written. Its "enterprising" quality may easily enough escape the notice of those music-lovers with but a rudimentary sense of orchestral texture and technique; to my friend, who has achieved great mastery in sheer orchestration, it was a renewed revelation of Elgar's untiring will to expression. He placed it, and I agree, above the symphonies.

It was not Elgar's habit to explain himself overmuch, but he was well aware that in this "symphonic study" he had written something that would require elucidation. Hence that remarkable article in the "Musical Times" which appeared just a month before its first performance at the Leeds Festival in 1913, a summary of which was very wisely quoted in the B.B.C. programme notes. Elgar explained that, to begin with, his Falstaff was not the figure of fun in "The Merry Wives," but the knight, gentleman, and soldier as we know him in "Henry IV" and "Henry V," and then proceeded in great detail to explain the ramifications of his "study."

It is an intriguing aspect of musical art. We know how connoisseurs of painting sniff with derision at what they call "literary" paintings, priding themselves that what they are only interested in is the paint. If a picture tells a story it is frankly anathema, and the painter is outcast: he is no true artist. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven—music to them was chiefly an abstraction, a language sufficient in itself to serve their several purposes. Wagner was lured to the stage so that his music might illustrate a story or an epic; it could not be itself an epic, or at least an understandable epic.

Elgar tried in both ways. With the early "Cockaigne," a work likely enough to live, a few hints as the meaning of this and that sufficed and suffices. With the symphonies, and such things as "In the South" and the "Introduction and Allegro," all that was asked of the listener was his attention to the music, *qua* music. With "Falstaff" he is on quite other ground. The music is essentially dramatic, illustrative, pictorial, depending on its story. It is as "literary" as those poor, despised paintings of the Victorians. Without its text, fully explained by its author-composer, it would be infinitely more enigmatic than the "Enigma" Variations. And so we must leave it, acknowledging the significant fact that it is coming surely into its own—on Elgar's own terms.

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Outlook for Cement Shares

(By Our City Editor)

MUCH attention has been directed to brick companies' shares by the figures published from time to time of the progress of the building "boom," and brick issues, good and bad, have enjoyed considerable activity. Cement shares, however, have not advanced at the same rate, though the building "boom" is naturally bound to affect the profits of the cement manufacturers almost to the same extent as those of brick makers. But in the cement industry there are other factors to be considered, chief among which is the question of price.

A leading Stock Exchange firm points out in an interesting survey of the cement industry that, despite an increase in turnover, the cement companies have as a whole been unable to maintain profits. Last year the "Blue Circle" combine, headed by Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers, showed lower profits, and only some of the smaller concerns were able to increase earnings in the face of competition and price-cutting. The "Blue Circle" group was also probably more affected than the smaller concerns by the decline in exports of cement, which in 1933 were valued at £807,890 (491,406 tons) compared with £1,147,712 (616,188 tons) in 1932.

Demand for Cement

On the demand side the chief factors are the rate of building of house property and, most important of all, the activity in public works contracts. House building has been proceeding for the past few months at a rate of 300,000 houses a year, while for the half-year to March 31 last the increase, compared with the corresponding period a year previously, was 44 per cent. Particulars from local authorities of building plans approved for the second quarter of this year show a total of £26,245,000 against £21,869,400 in the same period of 1933, while for July the total is £8,720,000 against £7,677,200 a year ago.

If the total of houses built reaches 350,000 this year, the total cement required will be, it is estimated, 820,000 tons. Still more important is the revival in public works contracts and industrial building consequent upon the cessation of the economy campaign in public expenditure and the greater prosperity of home industry. The five-year slum clearance programme and the construction of 285,000 new houses are estimated to mean an expenditure of £3,000,000 in cement. Thus, on the demand side, the outlook for the cement com-

panies looks satisfactory for the next two or three years, even allowing for the gradual abatement of the present building "boom," which many consider has reached its peak.

The "Blue Circle" Shares

Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers and British Portland Cement Manufacturers, the "Blue Circle" combine which distributes through the Cement Marketing Company and owns the "Ferrocement" and "Red Triangle" trade names, control about 65 per cent. of the home trade. The companies have always pursued a conservative financial policy, and the stocks are of the "gilt-edged industrial" class. Profits of the Associated Company were sufficient to cover the 7 per cent. dividend last year, and the market is looking for substantially increased profits for the current year with a dividend of possibly 8 per cent. On this basis the yield on the £1 units of ordinary stock at 36s. would be nearly £4 9s. per cent., an excellent return on the ordinary stock of a company with over £1,000,000 of cash after reducing its debenture debt by some £700,000 to £1,500,000, which is now in 4½ per cent. form; and 8 per cent. on the ordinary stock should be well within earnings this year.

The £1 units of ordinary stock of British Portland Cement Manufacturers, through which the parent company largely exercises its control of the industry, stand at 68s. 9d., giving a yield of nearly 4½ per cent. on the basis of the 15 per cent. dividend which has now been paid for some years past. The return is a satisfactory one for an industrial of this class, though an increase in the dividend is not looked for. The financial position of the company is exceedingly strong.

The Smaller Companies

Greater scope for capital appreciation lies in the shares of the smaller cement companies, whose profits have increased enormously in the past year, as is illustrated by the results of Eastwood's Cement, which doubled net profits in the year to March 31 last, and paid an ordinary dividend of 7½ per cent. compared with 3 per cent. in the previous year. At 27s. 6d. the £1 shares yield no less than £5 9s. per cent.

The Tunnel Portland Cement Company has greatly increased its activities during the past year or so, and it is now estimated to supply about a third of London's cement. Last year the company was able to pay a dividend of 25 per cent. free

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of tax, and it is estimated that earnings this year will amount to about 35 per cent. on the ordinary capital of £600,000. The interim dividend was 8½ per cent. with a capital bonus of 100 per cent. The 10s. "B" shares are available at 38s. 9d. to return 4½ per cent. tax free on the dividend, or over 9 per cent. on probable earnings for the current year.

Another Cement share which is a somewhat narrow market is that of the Alpha Cement Company, formerly the Oxford and Shipton Company. The financial position was considerably improved last year, but while 4 per cent. dividend was paid, against 1½ per cent. in the previous year, the shares at 29s. return only 2½ per cent., and would seem to be fully priced.

The shares of the Central Portland Cement Company, which has a capital of only £250,000, return about £5 14s. per cent. The company was able to increase its dividend in 1932 from 7½ per cent. to 10 per cent., and this was paid also last year. There is every prospect of a higher distribution for the current year.

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BROADCASTING NOTES

STEALING THE THUNDER

By Alan Howland

THESE seems to be no end to the complacency of the B.B.C. Time after time I have thought that the limit had been reached only to happen upon some fresh and even more staggering example. A leading article in the official organ of the B.B.C. has the effrontery to say with reference to the artists who have been appearing—for very small salaries—at Radiolympia, "After the Radio Exhibitions are over they retire to the studios again, and their audience becomes once more unseen." For sheer pontifical eye-wash this beats the band.

To select at random a few of the artists whose audience will "become once more unseen," we find Arthur Prince, Lily Morris, Vernon Watson, Clapham and Dwyer, Tommy Handley, Sidney Baynes, and a few others. Every one of these had established a reputation before the B.B.C. came into existence, and in the case of at least three of them, before the Director of Light Entertainment was born. They will never lack visible audiences, and never would have lacked them even if wireless had never been invented. In any case the amount of money they earn from the B.B.C. in a year would not compare with their earnings in pre-broadcasting days.

The truth of the matter is that the B.B.C. has always taken the outstanding exponents of Music, Variety and Acting, presented them to the microphone and annexed all the credit for their success. No doubt the B.B.C. will take great pride after Toscanini has conducted the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra in presenting him to a multitude of visible listeners at the White City, after which his audience will "become once more unseen."

If one were to be really honest, it would be very difficult to mention more than a very few people who have been "made" by Broadcasting. "A. J. Alan" and Mabel Constanduros leap to the mind, but the vast majority of the remainder, although they have had the opportunity of appealing to a larger audience, were already established in their respective professions. Crooners and dance band leaders are obvious exceptions, but in reality they have not been *made* by the B.B.C., they have merely exploited the B.B.C.

And what of Broadcasting House itself? One would have thought that the people who have been responsible over a period of years for providing the public with twelve hours entertainment a day would be the idols of the populace, greeted with cheers whenever they set foot abroad, pestered for autographs, and modelled in wax for the exhibition in the Marylebone Road. Yet it is not so. They pass unrecognised down Portland Place, they go to their obscure homes unhonoured and unsung, and it is they and not their audience who are "unseen." They were nobodies before they anchored themselves at Savoy Hill, and nobodies they will remain.

CINEMA NOTES

Anita Loos and Jean Harlow

By Mark Forrest

I CLASS 100% *Pure* at the Empire, as one hundred per cent. American, which means that it is slick, vulgar, amusing and breathless. This sort of picture has very little chance of making much money outside London, but there is an audience for it in town, and in its class it is a very good piece of work. There has always been a very large company of people who object to this type of story, but *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* had a great success over here so that 100% *Pure*, which is a combination of Anita Loos and Jean Harlow, should be sure of winning favour.

Jean Harlow looks blonder than ever and, if Anita Loos has not given her quite so many good lines as she invented for her gold digger in her well known skit, there are plenty of laughs for those who can follow the American idiom. From the cinematic point of view the chief virtue of this tale of a girl who wants to be good is the pace at which the whole production is taken. The cutting is excellent throughout and there is never a moment during which one can allow one's attention to wander. Our comedies and farces still lack this essential characteristic. A further good point is the excellent lighting. Jean Harlow in some ways cannot be an easy subject to photograph, but the camera man here has got the utmost out of her personality. This is a sophisticated film for those who won't regard its implications with any seriousness.

Moral Uplift

In the old carriage way of drama and offering a great contrast to 100% *Pure* is a *A Modern Hero*, at the Leicester Square. Here is the circus and the handsome trick rider who falls in love with the country miss whom he seduces. With surprising agility he proceeds to mount the ladder of success until he controls one of the largest motor factories in America, but—you have guessed it!—he has no legitimate children. His son by his mistress is the only person who matters to him and he gets killed. The slump brings down the father and there we are at the beginning again with his mother telling him that now that he can distinguish between what is worth while and what isn't he is a bigger man than ever he was.

Those who like 100% *Pure* will probably be bored to death by this picture with its moral uplift. Its pace is very slow once the circus background has been shifted. Marjorie Rambeau, however, must be well accustomed to this type of drama and her performance of the mother, who has taken to drink, gives the story a certain forcefulness which it urgently requires. Jean Muir plays the girl and she has the merit of being an unusual type; the hero, magnificent in his tights and not so bad looking in modern dress, is Richard Bartlemees.

Far removed from the orbits of these two films is *Les Messieurs de la Santé*, at the Academy. You will doubtless remember Raimu's fine performance in *Charlemagne*. Here once again this great actor has satire to play, this time in a skit upon the French world of finance. We are commonly supposed to be unable to understand satire and it is a fact that in other media good satirical works are rarely accorded the success which they deserve, so perhaps *Les Messieurs de la Santé* will not prove to be so popular as it should.

Mr. Pierre Colombier, who directed Raimu in *Charlemagne*, has charge of him again; there is too much talk to please the purists and the lighting, as it is in the majority of French pictures, is not strong enough, but these faults are more than balanced by the performance of Raimu. The rise of Tafard, a prominent banker, who escapes from the gaol where he has been lodged for promoting a swindle, is accompanied by sly digs at the French character. The satire, however, amounts to nothing beside Raimu's translation from night porter, to sales promoter, to banker once again. With each upward step this actor subtly changes his personality and he never allows farce to gain the upper hand. Every gesture which he makes, the manner in which he holds himself and the inflections of his voice combine to ensure a perfect representation of the individual whom, for the moment, he has become.

A very good cast supports him, in which Pauline Carter, as Madame Gennissier, the owner of the dress making establishment which Tafard makes the sensation of Paris; Lucien Geroux, as her head man whom Tafard supplants, and Zwerch, as the Jewish moneylender, are particularly successful.

This picture actually opens the autumn season at the Academy where the enterprising management has secured for presentation several other films of great importance. The chief of these is Mr. Clair's new comedy, *Le Dernier Milliardaire*, which will appear towards the end of October; this will, of course, be another satire. From Germany comes the talking version of that famous silent picture, *Doctor Mabuse*. Mr. Fritz Lang, who has since been expelled from Germany, has remade his own work. Czechoslovakia will be represented by *Rêka (The River)*; Sweden by Mr. Per-Axel Branner's *Petterson and Bendel* and there are two or three more French productions which will include the screen version of Miss Baum's book, *St. Martin's Summer*.

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